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NATIONAL REVIEW

IS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DEAD?

YES–Clare Boothe Luce
NOT IF IT SHAPES UP–Jeffrey Hart
NO–Ernest van den Haag

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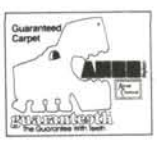

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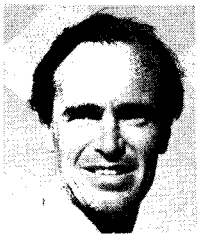

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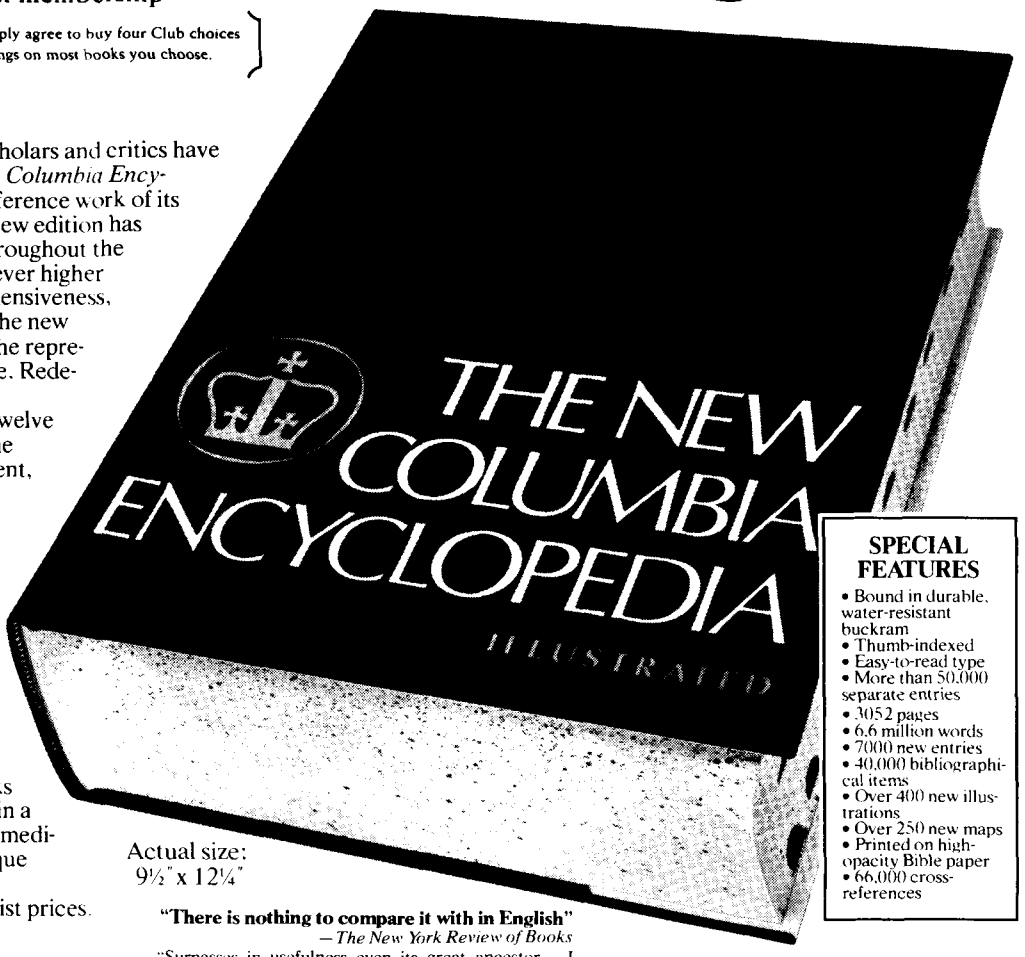

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Letters

The People's Celestial Republic

Francis Randall's absorbing article "Maoism Is Dead" [Mar. 4] is one of the best pieces of reporting about modern China I have seen. His conveying of the atmosphere of revolutionary effervescence in Shanghai, for example, is extremely impressive, and he projects a *feel* of place, things, and people that is sadly lacking in most accounts of travels in China, especially those by professional journalists. His description of the machinery of the wall poster is by itself a valuable document as the first comprehensible account of how these essential instruments of political action are inspired, put up, and then obliterated, and what penalties or rewards are attached to their authorship.

Mr. Randall is very incisive and amusing about the formulas glorifying Mao and Communism which he found in the mouths of every group of people he came across, even in the Buddhist caves. One wonders if it is valid to compare this seemingly ridiculous behavior to the ways of the old China, or to draw a parallel between the reactions of today's Westerners and those of the Westerners who effected the modern opening of China, beginning with Lord Macartney's embassy to the Emperor Ch'ien Lung in 1793. Lord Macartney's mission broke down partly because he refused to make the elaborately gymnastic kow-tow to the Emperor unless a Chinese of equivalent rank would do the same before a portrait of the Prince Regent which Lord Macartney had brought in his luggage. I think an interesting case could be made for comparing this kind of fatuous though meaningful ceremony to the ritual passages from Mao's thought which are spouted at the foreign visitor of today. Perhaps Mr. Randall could make this the subject of a subsequent article.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT ANSELM

Vintage Stuff

After first glancing through the criticism ["Christopher Buckley and YAF," Feb. 4], I just finished reading "Decompression, Junior Division" [Jan. 7] and don't quite understand what the hullabaloo was all about. It sounds to me as if Christopher Buckley's philosophical juices have experienced a subtle maturation, similar to that of a fine Schloss Johannisberg, during the past five or six years. (1971 was a terrific year for the old Schloss.) Mine have too, though I can't say I'm ready to send off for my YAF membership application quite yet.

I'm just writing to wish Mr. Buckley a pat on the back and to say that the passage from his article about social consciousness is now firmly attached to my bulletin board in the hope that some of my illuminated humanistic fellow law students read it.

Des Moines, Iowa JIM WOEHLKE

Is It Over?

Lord Chalfont is to be commended for his perceptive article, "Is It Over, Over There?" [Feb. 18]. The awesome Soviet preparations for war in the face of our own lethargy are making myself and my fellow members of the U.S. Officer Corps increasingly nervous. Only by intelligently publicizing the harsh realities of the present military situation in Europe can we hope to instill in the Western democracies the resolution to rehabilitate our creaking collective security system. The inevitable alternative to radical reform of NATO is a debacle so dreadful that by comparison the fall of France would be a lark.

Fredericksburg, Va. PATRICK ROACH

Turbulent Priests

As an Episcopalian I heartily applaud Malachi Martin's straightforward presentation of the case against the ordination of women to the Christian priesthood ["Priestly Ordination," Feb. 18]. Jesus did not intend women, angels, rocks, trees, or various other blessed parts of the Creation to serve as priests. He instead chose men. Therefore the Episcopal Church can not ordain women to the sacramental ministry of the priesthood.

What Mr. Martin did not point out was that large segments of the Episcopal Church in no way view the ordination of women to the priesthood as having any sacramental validity in spite of our General Convention's actions in 1976. Even supposing we could have authorized such a strange action, for a constitutional change within the Episcopal Church to take effect, it must be approved by two General Conventions, and this has not happened.

What is more, many Episcopal laymen, priests, and bishops recognized the 1976 Convention's decision to be absurd and declared any resulting ordinations of women null and void. In the past (e.g., the seventeenth century) we have had problems with radicals trying to do away with the apostolic nature of our ministry, but we finally prevailed. We are once more going through such a time, and ask the prayers and support of all Christians.

Plymouth, N.H. DEAN T. STEWARD

I was not surprised by the thrust of Malachi Martin's article on ordination. He is indeed right when he claims Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians

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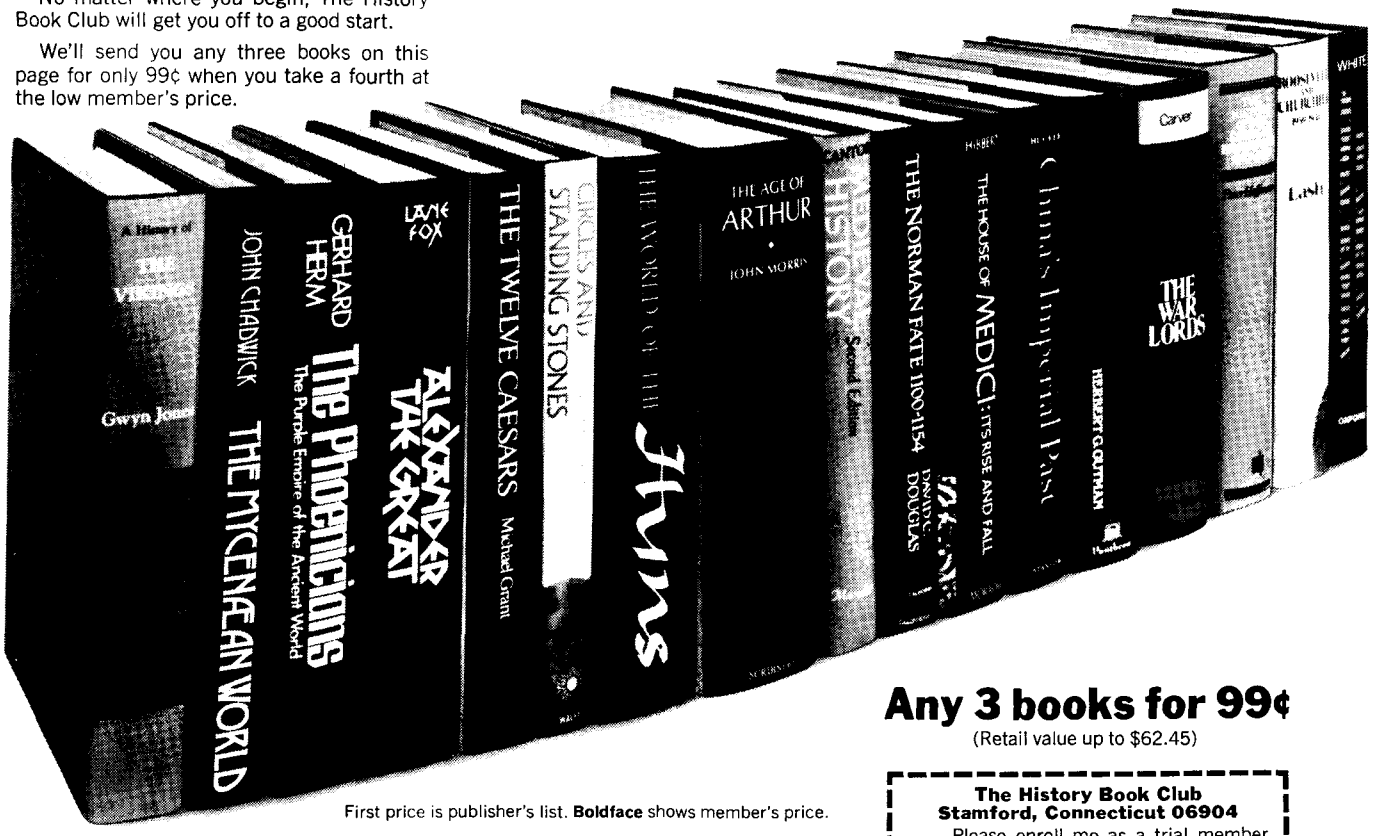

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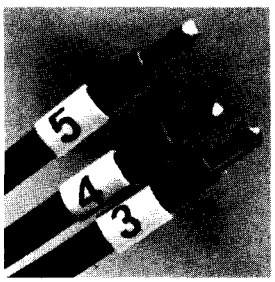

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ordain *ministers*, not priests. He is in error, however, when he lumps Luther, Calvin, and others together as renouncing belief in "the Real Presence of Jesus under the appearance of bread and wine." Luther did no such thing. He was a staunch defender of the Real Presence, and the church which bears his name has remained so to this day. In fact, stubbornness at this one point probably prevented what might have been a unified movement against Rome by all the reformers.

If Martin had said that Luther renounced Transubstantiation, or that the Roman Church did not accept Luther's witness to the Real Presence, he would have been correct. As the statement stands, however, it is wrong.

JAMES LEE WAGNER
Shawnee Mission, Kan.

Malachi Martin's factual inaccuracies are all the more unfortunate since his general drift is altogether unexceptionable.

Where, for example, did he ever get the idea that the validity of ordination depends on the "dispositions," "education," or "morality" of the candidate? This is Donatism pure and simple—long a blight on Christianity but consistently forsworn by the orthodox church. (Even that most "protestant" of Anglican documents, the Thirty-Nine Articles, speaks of "the Unworthiness of the Ministers, which hinders not the effect of the Sacraments," as does St. Augustine.)

The author states, as if unquestionable, his verdicts on the debates of centuries. As the 1897 Encyclical of the archbishops of Canterbury and York pointed out, the Church of England teaches the Eucharistic Sacrifice in at least as strong terms as does the Gregorian Canon; and the reasons given by the Papal Bull of 1896 for the invalidity of Anglican Orders would render the earliest Roman Ordinals equally ineffectual—thus putting both Western communions in the same boat. And, in repeatedly speaking of "Anglicans and Episcopalians," as if "Anglican" were synonymous with "Church of England" and "Episcopalian" were something else "derivative of the Anglican Church," Mr. Martin shows how little acquainted he is with (or, at least, heedful of) the history of American Anglicanism.

Does the shameful irresponsibility of a *majority of the House of Bishops* and a *bare* majority of the deputies to the 1976 General Convention really provide "confirmation that Ordination is officially something quite non-sacramental for Episcopalians" any more than Roman Catholic orders are compromised by the "more than one Roman Catholic bishop" who believe with that faction? Many—perhaps most—Episcopalians are firmly opposed to this anomaly. Let's not lose our perspective. The Arians were once in the majority.

Pittsburgh, Pa. ROGER EVANS

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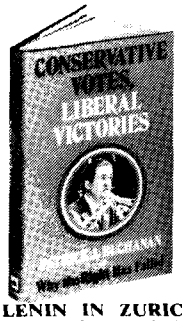

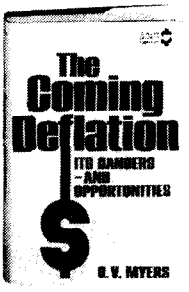

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Walloping On

The Wallops ["Letters," Feb. 18], Over, Middle, and Nether, are located in Hampshire, five or six miles south of Andover. The RAF had an aerodrome at Middle Wallop during WW II, which was GHQ for the IX Tactical Air Command, of which General Elwood Quesada was CG. I was stationed there during the spring of 1944.

Forest Grove, Ore. C. S. WOODWORTH

Of Datives and Subjunctives

Richard Barnett's article "The Grammar Barrier" [Feb. 18] is delightfully amusing. Unfortunately, though, half the humor depends on an ignorance of that "classical English grammar" to which Mr. Barnett invidiously compares Southern English grammar.

He says that in the sentence "Davy Crockett 'kilt him a b'ar when he was only three,'" the word *him* is "a redundant objective pronoun"—"Is Davy Crockett arranging to have himself or the bear killed?" Unfortunately for Mr. Barnett's point, there are two objective cases in English, the direct and the indirect, corresponding to the accusative and the dative in inflected languages. That *him* is a dative, and the phrase translates as "killed a bear for himself."

In "Ah'm a-fixin' to kill me a b'ar," Mr. Barnett says, the auxiliary *a-fixin'* is used "with an archaic form of the participle as a substitute for conjugation of the declarative present indicative." Would he have Crockett say, "I fix to kill me a bear"? That's not standard English, that's Pninian English.

He offers the sentence "Ah might could kill me a b'ar" and says it contains "a combination of the conditional tense and the subjunctive mood." Where? I see two conditionals (*might* and *could*) and one infinitive (*kill*). No subjunctives. And, a final point, I had gathered from coming across that construction in Southern novels that it meant not "I could kill a bear," which is how Mr. Barnett translates it, but something on the order of "I could maybe kill me a bear."

Minneapolis, Minn. STEWART SELLAN

Kudos

John Chamberlain's article on Chile ["Evolution within the Form," Dec. 24] exemplifies the clearly stated, myth-breaking journalism many of us look for when we pick up our NATIONAL REVIEW. More of the same, please.

Certainly Chile's responsible business and political community must feel about the "respectable" world community the way Roy Cohn deserves to feel about the New York DA's office [cf. "On the Right," Dec. 10]. There is no letting up, and the anti-Chilean slander is as rife in Washington as it is in Havana. Four former Chilean ministers were trying hard to persuade the former U.S. Ambassador to Chile, Edward Korry, to be specific in his vague but sweeping charges about CIA bribery in the Chilean government. The U.S. State Department is not above feeding sensational headlines to papers like Wilmington's *News Journal*, though find-it imprudent (their word) to provide corroborating facts or stories to back up the headlines.

Washington, D.C. RONALD F. DOCKSAI

Jeffrey Hart's football piece, "Back to Nassau Hall" [Dec. 24], I found to be discerning and enjoyable enough to evoke not only a letter to the editor, but also a letter to the editor responsible for it, which I have sent him.

Not since the late Westbrook Pegler—in his report four decades back of Harvard succumbing by three touchdowns to one to a then-ranking Midwestern powerhouse—closed by commending Harvard for fielding a team not one of whom "was majoring in cow culture or in the science of rubbing a sore leg," have I enjoyed a football review so much.

Lincoln, Ill. THOMAS FRANKLIN WALSH

Points

May I respectfully correct a few mistakes that have appeared recently in *NR*? First, "The Week" [Dec. 24] reports that "any Harvard man" who objects to abortion coverage "can, upon demand, get a dol-

(Continues on page 304)

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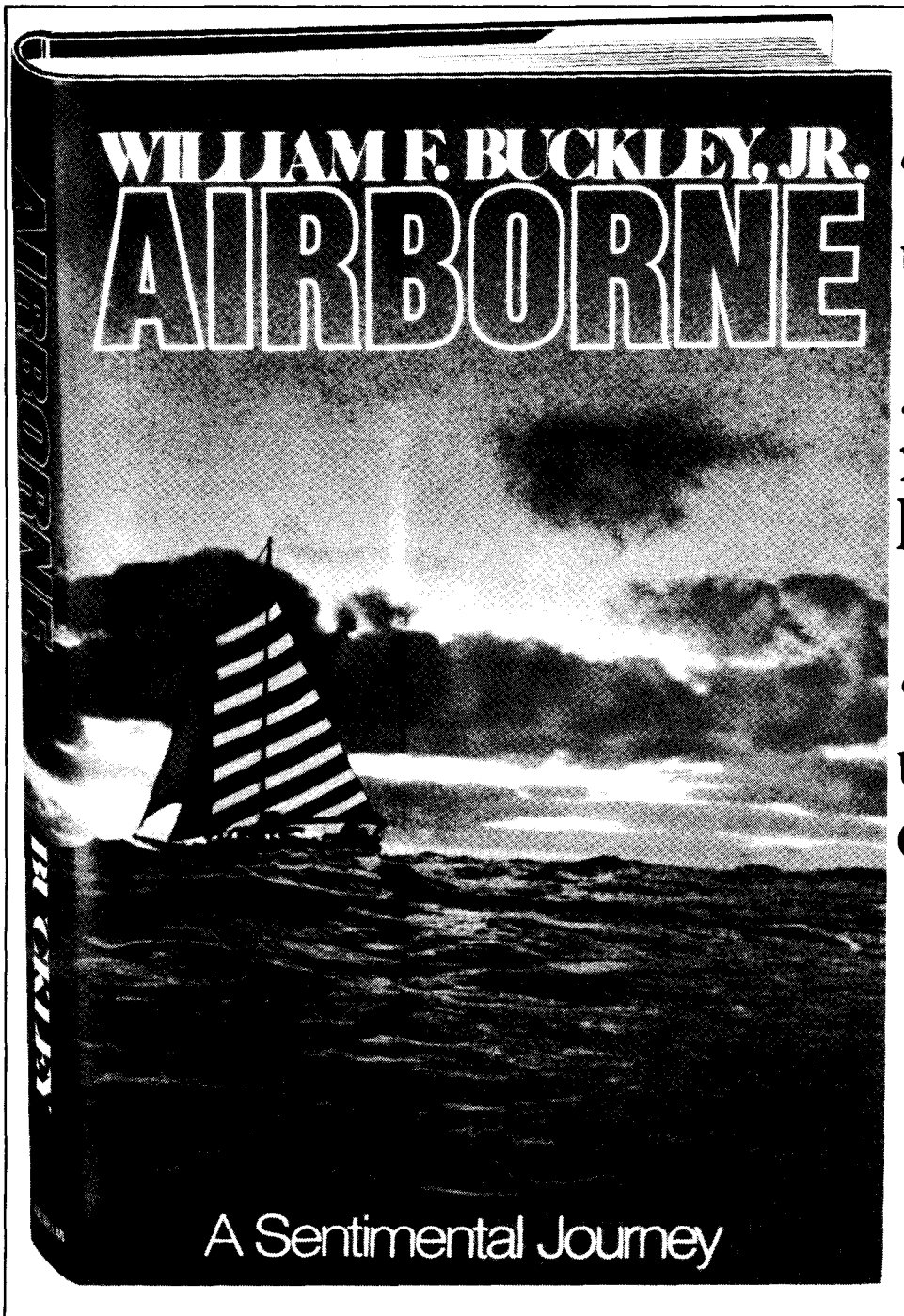

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Alton Ochsner, M.D.

ON THE ROLE OF VITAMINS C AND E IN MEDICINE

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Ochsner is one of the outstanding international leaders in modern medical progress. Now Emeritus Professor of Surgery at Tulane University School of Medicine, he maintains an active practice at the famed Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. As a member of our Editorial Board, we have asked him, out of his unique long personal experience with vitamins C and E, to tell you how and why he uses them.*

—Richard Stanton

The American public has become very health-conscious which is extremely desirable because most of us, when we arrive in this troubled world, are endowed with the most marvelously efficient mechanism ever devised, and much depends on us whether this mechanism will function properly and last without becoming prematurely obsolete.

No longer is longevity the principal consideration, and rightly so, because the desideratum is healthy and useful life as long as possible. Because of the health-consciousness of the public, people are avid for information concerning their health and factors which may improve it. It is inconsistent, however, that individuals concerned about remaining healthy and prolonging a useful life, adopt practices which are definitely known to accelerate aging, produce disabling illness, and shorten life. These are the use of tobacco, the abuse of alcohol, and excesses of all kinds.

Vitamin use has been a controversial subject for a number of years, and although vitamin deficiency is extremely undesirable, can be hazardous and even fatal, often vitamins are used when they are not needed. However, with advancing age it is probably desirable to use vitamin supplements because of de-

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Roger J. Williams, Ph.D., D.Sc.: On your startling biochemical individuality. Some amazing facts about your body you need to know if you want to understand yourself (and other people) better.

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Cyrano

LETTERS

(Continued from page 300)

lar's rebate." In fact, Harvard is willing to part with not one cent more than the "annual cost of 56¢ per student," according to Dr. Warren E. C. Wacker, director of Harvard's medical bureaucracy, in his letter to insured students. Furthermore, to get your synecdochal buck, Dr. Wacker explains, you must "write a *signed* letter stating that you have moral objections to paying for the coverage." (Dr. Wacker's italics.)

Next, albeit correctly describing the relative calm on most college campuses, the "rising barometer" ["The Week," Nov. 12] derives from a false assumption. Extending the Dartmouth poll—in which Ford beat Carter by 57 to 34—to the entire Ivy League cannot be justified merely by the argument that "Dartmouth draws from the same applicant pool, essentially, as the rest of the Ivy League and other first rank [*sic*] colleges." The applicant to Cal Tech is not quite the same as the applicant to Harvard. Moreover, as most guidance counselors agree, admissions policies are so individualized and hence unpredictable at Ivy institutions that they may not be assumed to be identical in order to rationalize saying, "there is no reason to believe that these poll figures are wildly aberrant." On the contrary, they are; a poll taken in mid-October by several Ivy League newspapers shows that undergraduates preferred Mr. Carter by such wide margins as 60 per cent to 31.7 per cent at Harvard, 61.2 to 27.2 at Yale, 48.7 to 41.6 at Princeton, and 52.4 to 41.3 at Pennsylvania.

Cambridge, Mass. ALVIN D. JORAN

The Prohibition Party received 10,000 votes in the 1976 general election, despite being on the printed ballot in only nine states. You overlooked the Prohibition Party in your summary of minority-party vote totals in the "For the Record" column of January 21.

Emeryville, Calif. JOHN B. RICHARDS

It hurts your credibility just a little to quote figures off by a factor of 100. Whether the error is yours or that of your source (the *Boston Herald*), the energy production costs in your editorial on nuclear power ["Hot Air *v.* Heated Homes," Feb. 4] are high by that much. Electricity costs about three cents per kWh, not three dollars.

This is, of course, the heart of the conservation problem. What housewife will hang clothes on the line (a good use for solar energy!), when she can pop them into the dryer for about a dime?

Three bucks a kilowatt hour seems to be a realistic price for electricity from some of the solar energy schemes and this is probably what it will take to make conservation popular.

Tarzana, Calif. EDWARD G. LOWELL

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What's anybody doing about a vaccine for hepatitis?

Or about new drugs for high blood pressure?

Or about better tools to detect diseases?

Well, at this moment, there are thousands of highly trained people working on these and hundreds of other prescription product research projects.

They're working in laboratories at member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

To be sure, the crusade for better medicines and medical devices is, like many creative ventures, a collaboration. Our people work with other scientists in medical schools, clinics and government institutes.

For our part, we spend a billion dollars a year to discover new medicines. And to improve existing medicines.

We'd like you to know more about pharmaceutical research. But rather than try to list ongoing projects—an impossible task, given the space—we've published a report about them.

It's called "A Prognosis for America."

In it we mention, for example, efforts to wipe out schistosomiasis, a disabling disease that afflicts millions in developing nations. We mention prostaglandins, an extraordinary class of substances that may be among the "miracle drugs" of the 1980s.

You'll find out about uranium miners taking part in research on a new way to detect clusters of pre-cancerous cells, a test that may have implications in fighting lung cancer and other cancers.

This is a worthwhile document for anyone who's interested in health.

Which should be everyone. Mail the coupon for your copy.

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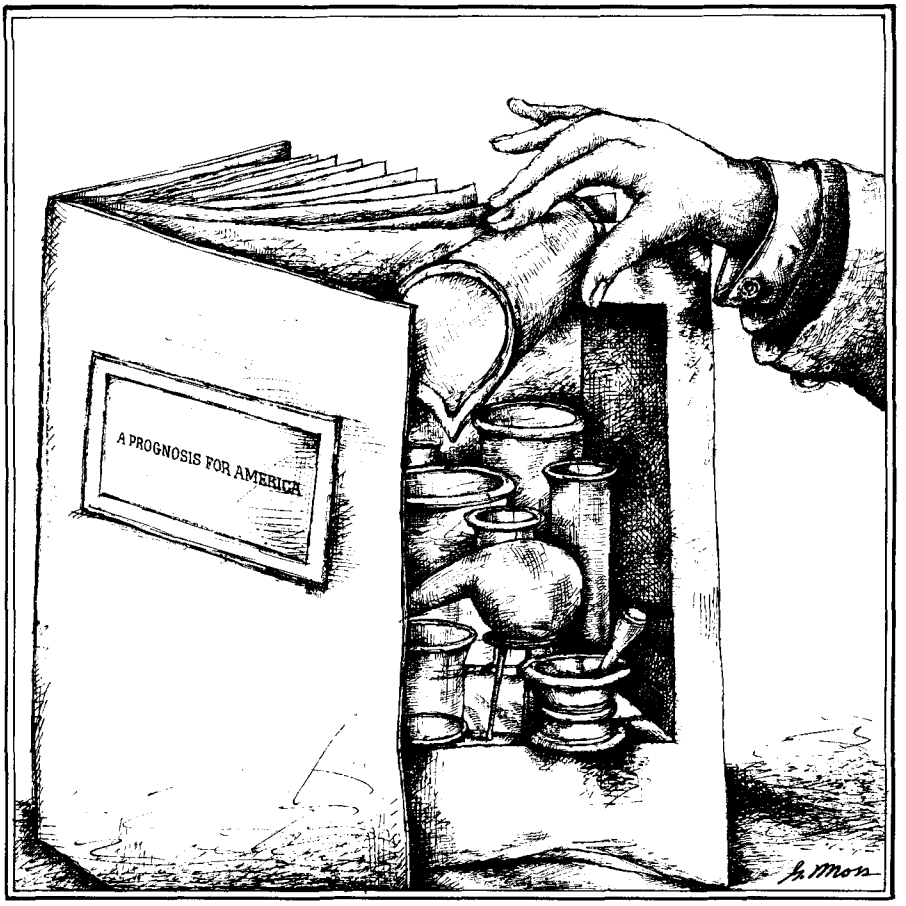
If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.



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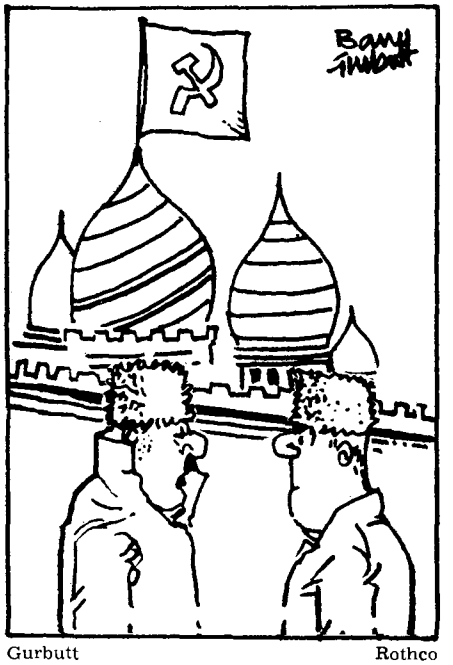
FOR THE RECORD

■ 1977 is the year Labor has been waiting for. At the **AFL-CIO** wing-ding in Bal Harbour, Fla., the union bosses slapped a penny-a-month, six-month assessment on AFL-CIO members to raise a "legislative war chest." At 14.2 million members that adds up to better than $850,000. . . . High on the agenda is repeal of the **right-to-work clause** of the Taft-Hartley Act, section 14(b). . . . Who's to oppose them? Not, apparently, conservative Republican Congressman **Bob Michel** of Illinois, the new Republican Whip. Michel (ADA rating 5, COPE rating zero) is telling friends he thinks the GOP has to re-evaluate its position toward Labor. . . . And prominent Republicans—among them Sen. **Paul Laxalt**, a Reagan activist—are also rethinking the party's support of big business. "Too often," says Laxalt, "big business actively supports the growth of government."

■ Republican leaders were elated last week by victory of **Arlan Stangeland** in Minnesota congressional by-election to fill the seat vacated by Agriculture Secretary **Bob Bergland**. It was the first congressional race since November 2, and the National Republican Congressional Committee, which intends to pinpoint its help to attractive Republican candidates in the future, had banked heavily on a Stangeland win. . . . In Washington, Sen. **James McClure** of the conservative GOP Steering Committee has arranged to meet regularly, once a week, with liberal GOP **Wednesday Club** to iron out disagreements on pending legislation and to set up strategy for opposing the wilder Democratic spending schemes. . . . Some Republicans on Hill are cheered by reports that labor leaders in Maryland are asking liberal Sen. **Charles Mathias** to switch parties. According to *Human Events*, Mathias replied that he would take the matter under advisement. . . . In Illinois, there's talk among conserv-



Gurbutt Rothco

"Secretly, Comrade, tests are still being carried out . . . at the moment we're testing President Carter."

atives of persuading President **John Howard** of Rockford College to run against Sen. **Charles Percy** in the Republican primary there next year. . . . And two new conservative voices will be heard over the airwaves. Former Treasury Secretary **William Simon** is taping 15 five-minute commentaries for national syndication by **Pete Hannaford** and **Barry O'Connor**, who now have **Ronald Reagan** on 250 stations. (One Simon comment: "Washington is the only place I know where sound travels faster than light.") . . . And in New York, former Sen. **James L. Buckley** has signed for a five-minute commentary every other week over National Public Radio.

■ Do they know something we don't? **Anniversary Tours**, which handles junkets to Russia and the East European satellites, is now advertising, in the Communist *Daily World*, "Cuba, the New Adventure in Travel," a two-week, $900 package that will go into operation "as soon as the U.S. embargo is lifted." . . . The leftist **Institute for Policy Studies** has, in one and the same report, urged the Carter Administration a) to improve relations with Cuba and b) to pay more attention to human rights in Latin America. . . . And **Ben Bradlee**, editor of the *Washington Post*, is reported by Reuters to have spent a week's vacation in Cuba recently, which included a four-hour tête-à-tête with **Fidel Castro**.

■ Confusion in the ranks. On the West Coast, lawyers for the **San Diego ACLU** are defending the Ku Klux Klan, which has been charged with terrorizing black Marines, in the suit brought on behalf of the Marines by lawyers for the **Los Angeles ACLU**. . . . Even for a Yale Law School audience it was a bit much, the description of **Idi Amin** by feminist lawyer **Florynce Kennedy** as "an outstanding figure" who, in killing his own people, is doing nothing unusual. . . . The *Daily World*, in the week before the **Dial-a-President** experiment, instructed its readers to flood the White House with calls urging that the B-1 bomber be dropped. . . . Banning the cheap **Saturday Night Specials** may not cut down on crime in the streets. The Police Foundation reports that criminals are as apt to use fancy pearl-handled revolvers in their pursuit of crime as they are to use the cheap handguns.

■ And a couple of quips: When **Nancy Reagan** asked **James Schlesinger** whether she should call him Mr. Ambassador or Mr. Secretary, he replied: "Just call me Mr. Czar." . . . When **Pat Moynihan** was asked how come **Jimmy Carter**, who was so critical of the CIA during the campaign, was now defending it, he replied, "Now it's *his* CIA."

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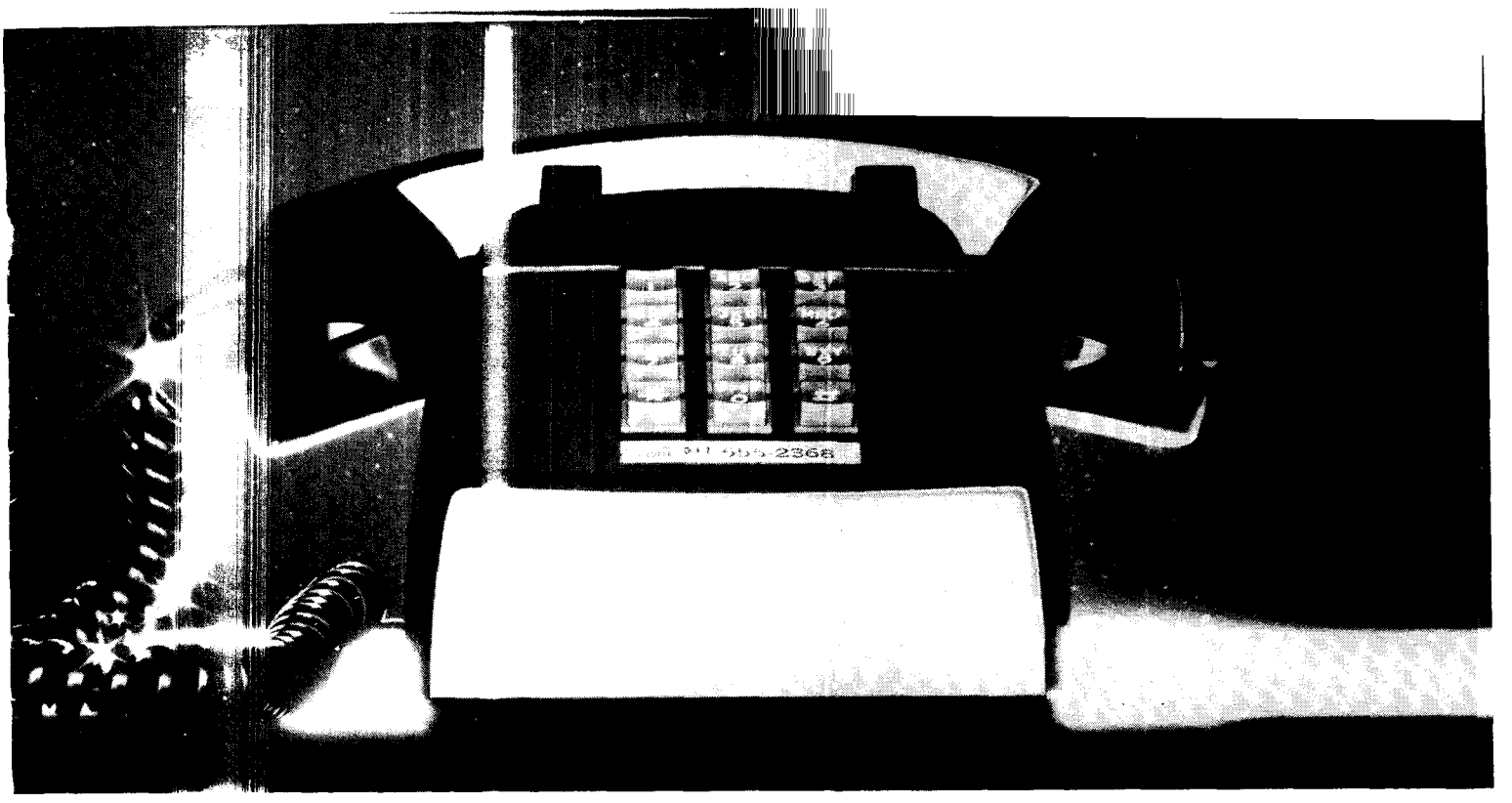

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Without the intimate flow of information that exists between Bell Labs and Western Electric, many of our innovations would have been much longer in coming.

Some might not have come at all.

A Complex Future.

Many future innovations will be even more complex, requiring even closer interaction.

As part of the Bell System, Western Electric and Bell Labs will continue to put technology to work for you.

So even if you can't afford the best of everything, you'll still be able to afford the best of something: The best telephone service on earth.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric

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THE WEEK

■ With the new Administration's changes in the 1978 federal budget, the "uncontrollable" portion now exceeds 100 per cent of the total.

■ As we go to press, the detailed report of Leonid Brezhnev's startling 1973 speech in Prague (see "Did Brezhnev Come Clean?," *NR*, March 4) continues to be ignored by the major media.

■ We already know what the Carter economic proposals will accomplish, since markets have adjusted to their expected effects: gold and commodity prices soared, as did long-term interest rates, and stock prices fell. If that is a stimulus, it is hard to imagine what restraint would look like.

■ When *U.S. News & World Report* asked Milton Friedman what he thought of President Carter's program of tax cuts and spending stimuli, Mr. Friedman provided the needed arithmetic lesson in his customary diffident way: "There is nothing in the package which will stimulate anything. . . . The rebate plan, for example, would distribute $50 apiece to most consumers. As a result, those consumers will tend to spend more. But where will the government get the money to send out the rebates? . . . The real tax burden on the American people is the amount the government spends, not the amount that is labeled 'taxes.' If the Federal Government spends $460 billion in fiscal year 1978, which is roughly what the President proposes, and takes in something like $400 billion in taxes, who do you suppose pays the other $60 billion? The tooth fairy? . . . The Arab sheiks?"

■ The Supreme Court has ruled that race may be taken into account in the reapportionment of legislative districts. The case that brought this on issued from New York, where four Brooklyn districts were deliberately carved out to create non-white majorities of at least 65 per cent. The Court's reasoning, as reported in press accounts, was that this sort of thing is constitutional when done in order to comply with the Federal Voting Rights Act of 1965. Pardon us, but we thought the idea was to treat all citizens alike, and keep race an informal category rather than an official one. So did the lone dissenter, Chief Justice Warren Burger, who denounced his colleagues' approval of "racial gerrymandering." And since when is a single act of Congress definitive of constitutionality?

■ A break-in occurred June 17, 1972. The burglars were unarmed. Nobody was hurt. Nothing was taken. Seventeen people pleaded guilty to charges resulting from the burglary and the subsequent cover-up. All of them served some time in prison, and all, with one exception, have been released. The break-in, of course, was the Watergate break-in, and the exception is Gordon Liddy. Howard Hunt was released on February 24, having served 32 months. Liddy has already served 45 months and could possibly serve 258: for his refusal to tell Judge John Sirica what he knew, Judge Sirica, the hero of Watergate, imposed a sentence totaling 21½ years. Since he is not eligible for parole until 1981, the only way Liddy can be freed is by a pardon. President Carter should grant it, no matter how much it offends Judge Sirica's sense of justice.

■ At an old-fashioned town meeting in the small Vermont town of Cavendish, a bearded foreigner, speaking through an interpreter, apologized to his neighbors for whatever inconvenience he had caused them by erecting a high chain-link fence around his home. "The Russian people," said Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, "dream of the day they can be liberated from the Soviet system, and when that day comes I will thank you very much for being good friends and neighbors, and I will go home." On that same day the President who succeeded the President who had refused to meet Solzhenitsyn received Vladimir Bukovsky at the White House. But he refused to be photographed with him lest that additional gesture offend the Commissars who send men such as Solzhenitsyn and Bukovsky to weep among the alien corn. The simple people of Cavendish had no such qualms. When their neighbor Solzhenitsyn rose to leave, they gave him a standing ovation.

■ The Chinese are considering another great leap forward, this time into the sophisticated arms race of the twentieth century. Until now, they have relied on their own technology to develop weapons—with a little help from enterprising American companies like Control Data Corporation, which sold China two computers for "earthquake research." But Peking has decided it wants a bigger piece of Westernized action and is casting interested glances toward the British Harrier, a strike fighter now

Paris Is Worth a Mass

Before King Henry of Navarre
  Became the King of France,
He took instruction from a priest
  To further his advance;
But once inside the Louvre, he
  Told minions to hew
To policies he favored when
  A Protestant true-blue.
As Mr. Warnke shifted gears,
  I suddenly recalled
The history of Henry IV
  Before he got installed.

W. H. VON DREELE

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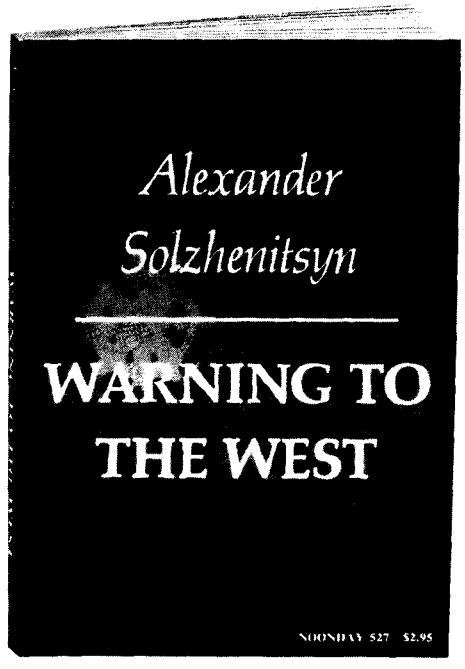
"A Blow at the Solar Plexus"

— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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About "Warning to the West" . . .

If you're already a Solzhenitsyn fan you'll welcome this addition to his available works. If you are not *yet* acquainted with this truly great man then there is no better way to find out why he *is* the man for our time than in this moving tribute to human freedom.

"Warning to the West" is a concise primer of Solzhenitsyn's thoughts on the Soviet threat and the moral decay of the West. It includes the complete texts of his major speeches in this country, as well as the whole of the famous BBC interview that so startled Britain that even Bernard Levin of The London Times was moved to write with unaccustomed fervor: ". . . by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush . . . the human longing for freedom." And in this country, Bill Buckley was so impressed, he devoted his *Firing Line* TV show to re-running the entire interview for the benefit of American audiences.

In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The U.S. Supreme Court has startled nearly everyone by agreeing without comment to review the case of Allan Bakke, a white student who charges that he was denied admission to the University of California Medical School at Davis because of reverse discrimination. Like most professional schools across the country, the UC-Davis Medical School has knuckled under to threats from Washington and established an affirmative-action admissions program. For the past decade, Davis has reserved 16 out of every hundred student openings for minorities, thus effectively denying admission to many highly qualified students unfortunate enough to wear the wrong shade of skin. But as Bakke pointed out, many of the minority students admitted were not actually qualified, at times scoring a full thirty points below many of the white applicants they supplanted. Race, said Bakke, was the sole determining factor, and last September the California Supreme Court agreed, ruling that the UC-Davis affirmative-action admissions policy represented "a revival of quotas." The Regents of the University of California appealed, and the Supreme Court expects to hear the case this October.

The national implications of the Bakke case have been slow to sink in; but in California, civil-rights activists and radicals have been in a frenzy for months. There is a plot here, they say, hatched by the Regents and their allies on Wall Street, to destroy all special admissions programs—the motivation, of course, being imperialism and racism. A university administrator put Bakke up to suing in the first place, they charge, and the university attorneys argued the case with a notable lack of enthusiasm. (There is no evidence for the latter point. A UC admissions officer did, however, suggest to Bakke that he sue, for which advice he was sent to Coventry by his colleagues and superiors, and today works at another university.) Less radical activists, of whom there are few in California, discount the conspiracy theory, but regret the Regents' appeal. If the Court finds for Bakke, they believe, it could well mean the end of affirmative action, not only in universities but also in industry and government employment. "It might just be," says one Californian, "that *Bakke* will be the single most important civil rights decision since *Brown*."

■ Things to watch for: If Carter accepts HEW's recommendations to establish a new agency with authority to impose controls on health-care costs, he will also be accepting recommendations contained in Senator Kennedy's comprehensive national-health-insurance bill, the only one of the bills before Congress that proposes the sorts of controls envisioned by HEW. . . . Carter's appointment of an FDA commissioner may also be tied in with a Kennedy plan. Former commissioner Alexander Schmidt is long gone, and Carter's delay in naming a successor is puzzling. Some say that he can't decide whether to appoint a certified public-interest consumerist type, as the Naderites are pressing him to, or a qualified professional from within the pharmaco-medical community. Others say that he intends to appoint no one until plans for splitting up the FDA into two agencies, one for food and cosmetics and the other for drugs, are completed. The split has long been a pet Kennedy project, and with Joseph Onek—his own former health subcommittee counsel—as the newly appointed head of Carter's health-policy staff, Kennedy has an in at the White House. If a new commissioner were to grasp the FDA reins before plans for dividing the agency were firmed up, he might drag his feet, as Joseph Califano is dragging his feet at HEW over suggestions that a separate Department of Education be carved out of his present empire.

■ Odds and Ends: Jerry Brown was the only governor of a state bordering Mexico not invited to the state dinner for President Lopez Portillo. . . . *Sic transit gloria mundi*: the *Washington Star* reports that Representative Paul Simon (D., Ill.), a frequent critic of the postal service, mailed a letter with the wrong zip code to "Honorable Gerald Ford" at his transition office address. The letter was returned stamped "ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN." . . . The Senate Republican Policy Committee, having tried everything else, is now giving humor a shot. The best so far, from a joke sheet handed out for Lincoln Day speeches: "Kind of an embarrassing thing happened at the Inaugural—President Carter offered a new spirit and Billy drank it." —CATO

deployed by the U.S. Marine Corps as ground support. China has not approached the U.S.—yet. But the prospect already is agitating the Defense and State Departments. Some argue such arms sales would benefit the U.S. by diverting Soviet weaponry to Chinese borders currently protected only with old-fashioned tanks and artillery. Others reply that an arms deal with China would 1) enrage its Soviet neighbor, ending all hopes of a U.S.–Soviet arms accord, and 2) make the Chinese a military threat to the Soviets, whereas right now they pose only an ideological one. The relationship of China to both Taiwan and Japan will also be a factor in this equation.

■ How's England's National Health Service, you ask? Ailing. Nearly 600,000 people are now awaiting admittance to hospitals in England alone. Of 40,000 cases classified as urgent recently, 59 per cent had waited for more than a month; of the rest, 27 per cent had waited more than a year. Still, once they do get in, they won't get ripped off by those greedy medics. That's some consolation, especially for the people who aren't bleeding too fast.

■ Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau's visit to Washington was a success mostly because he assured Congress and President Carter that Canada was not going to split into two countries, one speaking English and one French. Although there has been some flippant speculation about advantages the United States might win by absorbing chunks of Canadian territory, the break-up of the federation would probably be a disaster. Worst of all would be the emergence of a half-crippled, French-speaking state on our northern border screaming for attention in Washington and at the United Nations instead of screaming in the federal parliament in Ottawa, as is now the case. There is no advantage to anyone, least of all to the Québecois, in tearing Canada apart.

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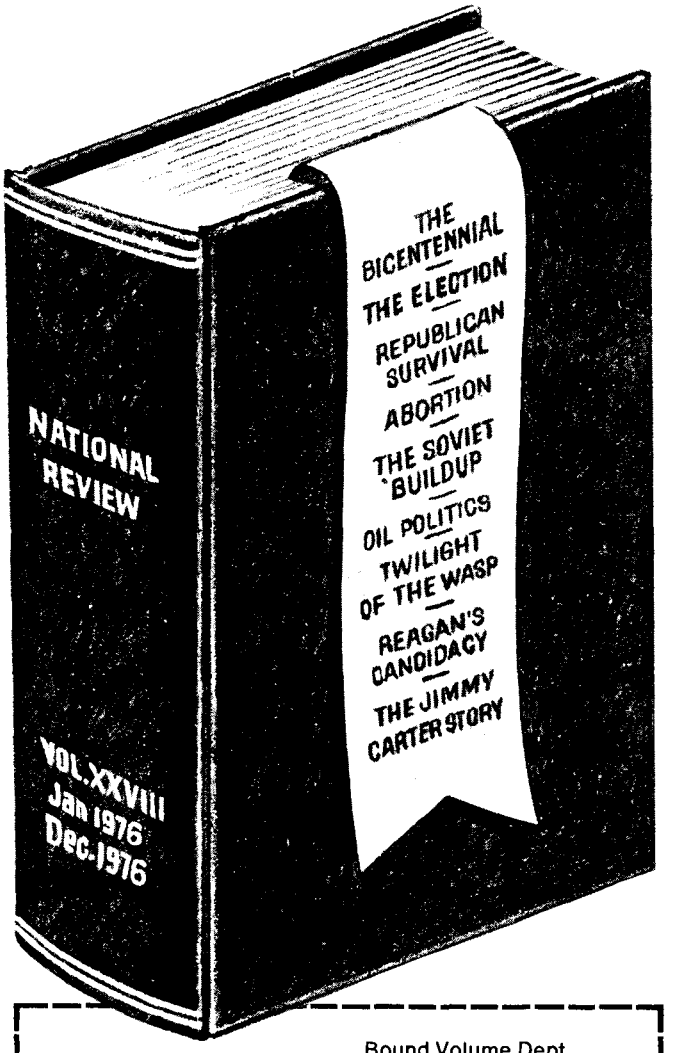

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Just Imagine

Ian Smith, in Scottish plaid,
Shoots a bishop who was bad;
Props the body in a car,
Aided by a white hussar.
When reporters find it odd,
Ian mumbles, "Act of God."
After some discreet dismay,
All the hoopla fades away.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ The following letter, from a Mr. George Mikes, appeared in the London *Times* last month: "I cannot, for obvious reasons, indicate my source but please take my word for it that this story is absolutely authentic. A few days ago Pavel Kohout's (who is one of the prominent signatories of Charter 77) doorbell rang in Prague. This usually means the police nowadays, so Kohout opened the door very reluctantly. He found a group of workers standing in the corridor, all rather sheepish and all holding a bottle of wine. One of them asked if they could come in. They told Kohout that they were a delegation from their factory and represented many—but certainly not all—of their colleagues. On the previous Friday, when they went in to collect their wages, they had to sign two documents. One was the customary receipt, the other a protest and condemnation of Charter 77. It was clearly indicated, they added, that unless they signed the protest, they would not get the money. So they signed. But they were ashamed of their action and that's why they had come to visit Mr. Kohout now. Would he accept their explanation; would he tell them that he understood; and would he have a glass of wine with them and accept the rest of the wine as a token of their admiration for his courage. Pavel Kohout said he understood and drank the workers' health."

■ How fare the Catholic schools, you ask? Well, the National Labor Relations Board has ruled that since the elementary schools of Philadelphia's 273 parishes are "not completely religious," they are subject to the NLRB, so they must hold elections on union representation for their lay teachers. Meanwhile, the schools remain ineligible for any state aid. Wall of separation, you know.

■ More on the *Roots* phenomenon. *NR*'s senior editor Jeffrey Hart, in his syndicated column, took the TV series to task for turning history into melodrama, and ideological melodrama at that: the identification of blacks with virtue and whites with vice, he remarked, is not oriented to recreating the past, but to subserving "concrete political claims in the present. The message comes through loud and clear, viz., because of the slavery experience in the past, contemporary blacks have special valid claims on contemporary whites. . . . *Roots* means to offer blacks a moral blank check, figures to be filled in at leisure: quotas in jobs and colleges, privileged access to the federal kitty, favorable court decisions on highly disputed matters, and so forth. An audience willing to ooh and aah over *Roots* is not about to resist very strongly when the political rip-offs arrive." The response was a deluge of mail, all of it favorable, from whites who found the series racially insulting and felt that their sensibilities too should have been respected. Ah, well: sometimes there just isn't enough justice to go around.

■ The row over whether it is proper for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York to give public-supported space to a "communications center" for the production of cultural and educational material brings up in dramatic fashion the question of how far taxpayers should be obliged to support the art business. Taxpayers were seldom consulted during the Renaissance, to be sure, when some of the greatest art was produced; but now art, which is becoming a kind of state religion in the United States, is everywhere making demands on public funds. And funds not just for painters and sculptors, but for that hierarchical mass of art bureaucrats which has accumulated around them with such alacrity. For example, Governor Jerry Brown of California has just tripled the budget of his state art council to $4.5 million and has appointed a lot of practicing artists to the council board. It is very difficult to formulate a policy or even broad guidelines to govern public support of art. In Washington, the annual budgets for the twin National Humanities and Arts Endowments have both hit $100 million. Both institutions are important to the socialites in and around Washington, but the case for expanding public support should be more cogent than that.

"Let's hold out. By 1980, we should be able to get amnesty, complete veterans' benefits, a ticker-tape parade, war reparations for Hanoi . . ."

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■ Environmentalists fighting to save the brown paper bag were awarded a victory last week when a cancer researcher in Italy found that mice with weak kidneys, but not hamsters or rats, may get cancer from eating the human equivalent of one ton of plastic food wrap.

■ "The same President who is divesting the White House of periodicals, TV sets, chauffeured cars, and the like has just added $19 billion to the federal budget. The $19 billion somehow managed to slip through the tough, no-nonsense budget management. We keep wondering if anyone has calculated how many paper clips and rubber bands you would have to save to get $19 billion."—From a February 24 *Wall Street Journal* editorial.

■ Our squatting ovation this week goes to Vice President Mondale, who wowed a throng in Alexandria, Minnesota by telling them that "Jimmy Carter is going to take away those government limousines," then sped off in a kelly green Lincoln Continental.

Hussein Flap: Cui Bono?

Even as Secretary of State Cyrus Vance arrived in the Middle East for a series of important if preliminary conferences, the *Washington Post* broke the story of a secret subsidy long paid to Jordan's King Hussein by the CIA. The timing of the "exposé" was infinitely more important than its substance.

Anyone remotely knowledgeable about Middle Eastern affairs has known all along, in general terms at least, about the arrangement with Hussein. The *Post* headlines thus represented not so much news as a political action. Set up by Britain in the wake of World War I, Jordan has always been subsidized from the outside, and no doubt has to be. The British picked up the tab until the Suez crisis in 1956; after that the U.S. took over.

Much ink is being spilled by journalistic moralists about the secrecy of some of the payments. But, because of the special U.S.–Israel relationship, no Arab leader can take such U.S. payment openly. In the case of Hussein's father, King Abdullah, behind-the-scenes cooperation with the U.S. *did* leak out—with the result that Abdullah was assassinated. His father's death, not surprisingly, has weighed heavily on the mind of Hussein ever since. No evidence exists, indeed no one is even charging, that Hussein used the U.S. money for personal purposes. No doubt it was political cash, used to lubricate the wheels of Jordanian politics.

The Soviets spend a million dollars a day to subsidize Castro. The U.S. props up Israel at a cost of $5 million per day. In comparison, the tab for Jordan has involved nickels and dimes: $50,000 per day. In return, Jordan has cooperated with U.S. intelligence, has been available for satellite reconnaissance, has crushed the militant Palestinians within its borders, refused to enter the Yom Kippur War, and indicated a willingness to recognize Israel. King Hussein, recently joined in moderation by Cairo and Riyadh, will be a key figure in any Arab–Israeli accommodation.

Which brings us to the timing of the *Washington Post* headlines. Two quite different groups would perceive it as being in their interest to damage Hussein. Neither of these groups desires a Middle Eastern settlement. On the one side we have the Arab extremists for whom no settlement short of the destruction of Israel would be tolerable; and looming behind these extremists it is not difficult to discern the Soviet interest. At the opposite end of the spectrum we have the Israeli hardliners who oppose any territorial concessions. Both groups have it in for Hussein, and would seek to derail any compromise.

To them we can add a quite different group—those seriously and ideologically committed to the destruction of the CIA. The "exposé" from their perspective was merely another installment in a continuing campaign.

In a manner to which we have now become accustomed, the White House handled the entire affair amateurishly, first denying, correctly, that there was anything improper about the payments, and then announcing that they had been terminated, which implicitly conceded that there had been something wrong about them.

The *Washington Post* played the role of feckless dupe —or, come to think of it, rogue elephant.

Ariel versus Caliban

No doubt it is humiliating to play Virtue to Idi Amin's Vice. "Goddammit," said a Carter aide, "why couldn't our first crisis have been a more dignified one?" But perhaps it's just as well to learn about Realpolitik from Amin rather than Brezhnev. The Presidency, after all, is not a podium for bearing personal witness, as at a revival meeting. It is more like playing in a chess match or a poker game. Make a false move, or bluff once too often, and you stand exposed. Thus Mr. Carter took it upon himself to speak for "the entire civilized world," which was "disgusted" by the Ugandan dictator's atrocities; and the next thing you knew, he was actually thanking Amin for promising not to do anything uncivilized to a handful of harmless Americans.

The President has made it clear that he is in favor of human rights, any time, any place, and that he will keep speaking out on the subject. "I don't intend to be timid in my public statements and positions," he told exiled Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky in a meeting intended, as a *New York Times* report put it, "to contrast with the occasion when former President Gerald R. Ford, on the advice of Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and other aides, refused to receive Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn."

"But," noted the *Times*, "Mr. Carter refused to allow

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news photographers to take pictures of him with the 34-year-old former prisoner. This suggested that Mr. Carter may have been trying to reduce the expected Soviet unhappiness over the honoring of a person who is regarded by the leadership in Moscow as a criminal and a potential terrorist." It seems to be something of a habit, not only for Carter but for the West. In 1956 President Eisenhower sealed the fate of Hungary by signaling that he would not send the Freedom Fighters any material support—no troops, no weapons, no ammunition. President Carter won't even send photographs.

The point is not that he is craven; there is plenty of evidence that he is not. Rather it is that he fails, in these transactions, to understand the nature of his position, which is the highest executive office of a republic, including the disposition of its considerable remaining might. Unlike the leadership of a Sunday School class, its duties cannot be discharged by sheer moral effulgence. Indeed the abstract moralisms appropriate to educating the young take on entirely different meanings in the context of power politics: uttered without due regard to specific responsibilities in a global web of circumstance, they become irresponsible. Ideals, it is true, are fine things. But when they come from the mouth of a man in power, they signify, or are taken to signify, his disposition to apply that power.

Mr. Carter seems to sense this. Unhappily, his concessions to prudence are taking the form of virtual retractions of his bold proclamations. Having announced for human liberation everywhere, he is compelled to point out that he was only speaking *qua* Sunday School teacher. Eventually, having backed down with embarrassing frequency, he may feel compelled to prove himself *un homme sérieux* by putting the screws to, say, Chile. Getting tough with a midget is one way to show that your humanitarianism is more than a velleity. Unfortunately, it can be confused with a foreign policy only by a man who thinks that his sole enemy is evil itself.

Carter's Conservatism

So far, President Carter has been a shrewd manipulator of imagery, skillfully communicating to the public an impression of reduced federal pretension. Carter walked from Capitol Hill to the White House after his inauguration, a nice touch. For his first fireside chat he wore a cardigan sweater. "Hail to the Chief" has been quashed—a move about which it is possible to have mixed feelings. His cousin Hugh Carter Jr. has been deperking the White House, getting rid of limousines, other leased autos, office TV and radio sets. By all indications, the public so far looks upon all this with satisfaction.

But limousines and TV sets hardly constitute the substance of the "Washington" issue, as even Carter appeared to understand during his 1976 primary campaign. The "Washington" issue has to do with the increasing slice of the tax dollar absorbed by myriad federal programs and sprawling agencies, and by the cascade of regulations, guidelines and the like handed down by HEW, HUD, OSHA, OEO, federal court, etc., etc.

After addressing the television audience in his cardigan, be it noted, Carter put on a blue suit, went downtown, and told an audience of bureaucrats that their jobs are absolutely safe with him.

Historically, it seems likely that the Carter Administration will come to be understood as a holding action. The federal bureaucracy is on the defensive politically, increasingly detested, the target of protest arising from a broad political spectrum. As an "outsider," campaigning, vaguely, against "Washington," Carter exploited that widespread sense of indignation, but in substance he appears to intend, essentially, four more years of the bureaucratic status quo. From the perspective of the bureaucracy, Carter in that sense is one kind of conservative.

Legislating Ethics

How does one legislate "ethics" in the first place? Is there a dollar figure at which an ethical practice tips over and becomes unethical? And if so, who is to say when that transitional point is reached?

In the wake of the scandals that rocked the last Congress (South Korean bribes, Fanne Foxe, Elizabeth Ray, etc.), the House Ethics Committee appointed the Obey Commission (David Obey, D., Wis., chairman) to draw up a set of rules that would "restore the confidence of the nation" in its legislators. And the Commission then came up with a package of reforms and restrictions that will make some long-needed changes in how congressional offices operate (restrictions on the so-called "slush funds," and on other perks such as overseas travel at government expense after a member has been defeated at the polls). But its most controversial recommendation is to assign an arbitrary limit not only on how much outside income a congressman can earn, but also on how much he can earn doing what.

The Commission recommended that no congressman be permitted to earn more than 15 per cent of his annual salary, or an additional $8,625 a year, by outside work, speaking engagements, lectures, books, company directorships, legal fees, and so on, but it placed no restrictions at all on the amount of unearned income he could receive. Whereas Shirley Chisholm could, by hitting the lecture circuit and writing articles, add $11,000 to her earnings last year, hereafter all those outside activities cannot add up to more than $8,625. But a fellow New York congressman, Frederick Richmond, can keep the $300,000 he now gets in corporate dividends. Moreover, the Commission set a $500 lid on how much Mrs. Chisholm can receive from a single speaking date. The inequities that kind of regulation means are obvious. If

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a Baptist church just down the street in Brooklyn invites Mrs. Chisholm to give a lecture, a $500 honorarium is good pay. But suppose a Baptist church in Alaska would like to hear Mrs. Chisholm. Surely the time it takes her to get to Alaska and back and the disruption in her schedule would warrant a different pay scale.

The proposed legislation is filled with anomalies of that sort, the kind of thing that only came to light when the candidates started wrestling with the complicated and, only too often, inequitable provisions of the federal election campaign law last year.

Some of the past flagrant abuses that suggested such rigid regimentation of the congressman's outside money-making activities are well known: the big company that will pay a congressman on a key committee $10,000 for a lecture to its executives; the invitation to attend a lawyers' convention in Pago Pago in early March; a weekend at the Masters in Augusta in early April, courtesy of a labor union. That kind of influence-peddling.

Those who argued against the Obey recommendations conceded that reforms were necessary but suggested that instead of dotting every *i* and crossing every *t*, the House adopt requirements for detailed reporting on outside earnings. But when it came to the vote, many of those who had argued most passionately against legislated ceilings on earned income went along with the leadership. The vote was a lopsided 404 to 22. Very few congressmen are prepared to give future political rivals the opportunity to say, ". . . and back in '77 my worthy opponent voted against ethical practices."

Conservative Alternative Cabinet

Shortly after Mr. Carter's inauguration, congressional Republicans discussed reviving a strategy they used the last time they were out of the White House: through an instrument called Constructive Republican Alternative Policies (the GOP has always had a knack for names), the Republicans of the Sixties offered alternatives to Mr. Johnson's Great Society. Today's GOP being what it is, CRAP II isn't yet past the discussing stage. But some conservatives have already mobilized.

On February 24, under the aegis of the Conservative Caucus, they unveiled in Washington a Citizens' Cabinet, which will offer alternatives to the dreamier Carter policies. New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson will be Secretary of State. (Governor Thomson announced that he will lead a delegation to Panama where Canal negotiations are already under way.) *NR* publisher William Rusher is the Attorney General. (Asked if he belonged to any segregated clubs, Rusher replied he didn't know. *NR* will conduct a thorough investigation.) Other members of the Citizens' Cabinet include Representative Larry McDonald of Georgia, the only Democrat, who was chosen Secretary of Defense, and Henry Hazlitt, who heads the Council of Economic Advisors.

The group plans to hold bi-monthly meetings in Washington; it will give press conferences and participate in television interviews; but its most important duty, says Governor Thomson, will be to "define the conservative vision of America's future and then tell how we propose to get from here to there."

Withholding Gas?

The Department of the Interior is anxious to find out whether or not natural-gas producers in the Gulf of Mexico have "withheld" gas in anticipation of higher prices. This is becoming a regular seasonal event, like ice hockey. The investigations are always announced with great fanfare; their failure to turn up anything is later ignored.

There was a similar fuss over a dramatic increase in the number of shut-in wells in the Gulf of Mexico in 1972. The Department of the Interior later explained that the increase was entirely due to its decision to broaden the definition of a shut-in well in order to add those temporarily choked by sand or water.

In 1974, the Federal Power Commission investigated some non-producing leases in the Gulf. Nearly all the problems turned out to be caused by such embarrassing things as delay in getting FPC certification. The rest of the non-producing areas were too small or remote to justify the expense of installing pipelines.

In 1975, one Federal Trade Commission bureau leaked a memo accusing gas producers of exaggerating the shortage of proved reserves. The FPC's own bureau of economics replied that the memo compared non-comparable data, using different definitions of reserves, and that some of the "evidence" could be just as well used to prove over-reporting of reserves.

Gas-reserve data has also been investigated by at least half a dozen other federal agencies, including even the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Transportation. Each agency uses its own definitions in reporting. The FPC estimates that gas companies will spend 700,000 man-hours to complete just one of those surveys.

This is a mere sampler of the many ludicrous and costly investigations of the natural-gas shortage. Yet we are due for another one. The newly revived complaint is that Gulf Oil contracted to supply more gas to one pipeline than the field in question was ultimately capable of producing. Mother Nature should be sued.

A helpful definition of "withholding" has been provided in a pamphlet issued last year by the Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. It turns out that withholding gas really means withholding money that would have been invested in producing gas for sale at artificially low prices. The Committee says that withholding may be involved "if a natural gas resource is thought definitely

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to exist but is not explored," or if "wells are not being drilled in a timely manner."

There *has* been massive withholding of natural gas, but it was by the Department of the Interior. There were only two major lease sales in the Gulf of Mexico from 1967 to 1972, and one of those was a flop. Development of the offshore oil and gas along both coasts still continues to suffer from the withholding of federal lands. Since it takes about five years to get new offshore gas into homes and factories, we are now suffering from the government's past intransigence—not from a shortage of investigations.

This Sickled Isle . . .

Robert Moss—editor of *The Economist*'s newsletter, "Foreign Report," and author of *The Collapse of Democracy*—publishes in the February *Commentary* an article called "Anglocommunism?" which offers what is easily the most depressing reading since Jean Raspail's *Camp of the Saints*. Yet Raspail wrote of a putative future whereas Moss writes of an horrific and verifiable present.

Britain, says Moss, has become a Third World country whose natives have abandoned themselves to "the *mañana* complex"; to the "cargo cult" of the Solomon Islanders (some day my ship will come, or my North Sea oil); to animism ("the society" is a great beast to be held personally accountable for the evils it "inflicts" upon its members); to a "revival of feudalism" (Britain today is divided into two classes, union members and non-union members; the new nobles are the trades union officers); to "economic dependency and begging-bowl policies." Great Britain, Moss suggests, shockingly, but citing relevant criteria, "has traveled more than two-thirds of the way toward becoming a fully Communist society. . . . It is increasingly probable that it will either complete the journey or have to endure the most shattering social and constitutional crisis the country has known since the seventeenth century."

Moss's criteria are to be found in the *Manifesto of the Communist Party* (1848), wherein Marx and Engels set forth ten measures that might be employed to establish Communism in relatively advanced countries. Of these ten measures, six, Moss writes, appear "to be in the bag in Britain": a) a heavy progressive income tax; b) state ownership of transportation and communication facilities; c) the commitment of ever more factories and other instruments of production to "the hands of the state"; d) "equal liability of all to labor; establishment of industrial armies"; e) the combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries and the abolition of the distinctions between town and country; f) free public education for all children. The remaining four measures—abolition of property in land, abolition of the right of inheritance, the confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels, and the centralization of credit "in the hands of the state" by means of a monopolistic state bank—Moss characterizes as being "hardly remote."

So there you are, says Moss. The extreme Left has got control of the trades unions, the trades unions have got control of the Labor Party, and the Labor Party has pretty much got control of Great Britain. The result is that "The year or two that lie ahead represent the most dangerous and challenging period in the country's post-war history, and the decisions that are made (or not made) over these months will determine whether or not Britain will survive as a democratic, pluralistic society." Moss expects that the compromise on budget cuts arrived at by the unions and the Labor government will dissolve very soon and that the resultant run on sterling will lead to immense spending cuts that will cause the Labor Left to rebel. If the Conservative Party should come to power at this point, or if a government of national unity were to be devised by the three parties (Conservative, Labor, and Liberal), Britain would then find herself confronted with her last chance. If the new government should fail, the way would lie open, Moss believes, for a non-democratic "solution" imposed by either the Left or the Right.

Dietrich von Hildebrand, R I P

At 14 years of age he told one of his sisters, who was 27 years old at the time and claimed that moral values were affected by circumstances, that moral values are absolute, unchanging. He used all of the arguments which Plato had given, but his sister was unconvinced and complained to their father, who said to her, "But he is only a child; why do you argue with him?" Hearing this, the son said to the father, "My age is the weakest argument you could have used against me."

The exchange presaged things to come, for, when Dietrich von Hildebrand died on January 26 at age 87, the argument most frequently advanced against his positions was that he was too old.

The hallmark of his life and work was his passion for truth, and central to his philosophy were moral values, of which he wrote:

> Moral values are the highest among all natural values. Goodness, purity, truthfulness, humility of man rank higher than genius, brilliance, exuberant vitality. . . . Positive moral values are the focus of the world; negative moral values, the greatest evil, worse than suffering, sickness, death, or the disintegration of a flourishing empire.

Dietrich von Hildebrand was born in Florence on October 12, 1889, the son of the famous sculptor, Adolph Hildebrand, who was knighted by the King of Bavaria and given the title *von* for himself and his descendants.

In 1912, von Hildebrand received his doctorate from

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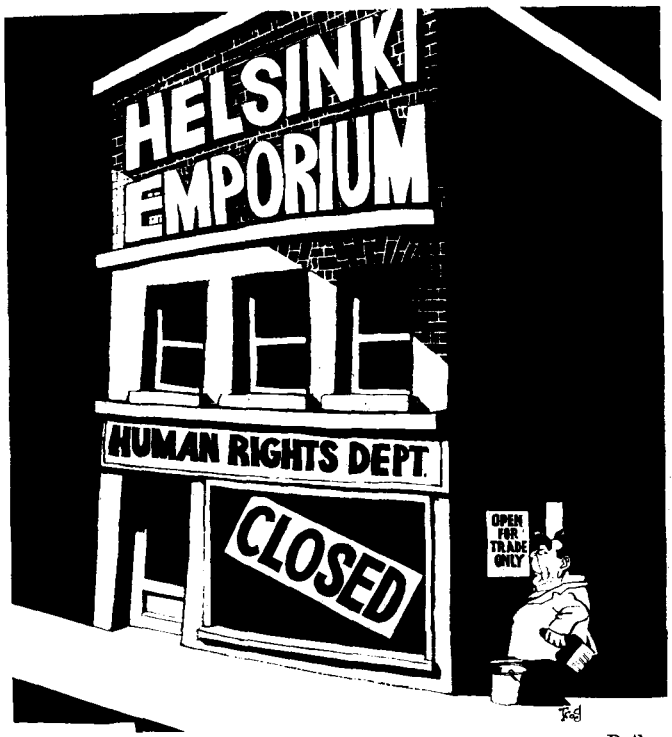

Trog, *Punch* Rothco

Göttingen and published Part I of his thesis. On Holy Saturday 1914, he and his wife were baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. During the Great War, he declared himself a pacifist and served with the International Red Cross. He always displayed the courage of his convictions: one night when he was preparing for bed in a *wagon-lit* parked in a field, the barracks talk became too much for him to bear; he described it as "horribly impure," so he took his bedding and went outside, the temperature zero degrees centigrade. His act that night was another portent of things to come, for he moved himself and his belongings several more times during his life rather than compromise with moral evil.

He was Professor of Ethics at the University of Munich from 1924 to 1933, in the years when the evil of National Socialism was growing in Germany. Munich was a principal breeding ground. In his classes and in his writings, he attacked Hitlerism. When, in January of 1933, Hitler came to power, von Hildebrand realized that he would be killed if he stayed in Munich. With some few belongings, he fled. But he was not silent. Upon becoming Honorary Professor at the University of Salzburg, he founded the journal, *Der Christliche Standestaat*, and waged war on National Socialism in Austria through the printed word.

His books and articles were burned in Germany. The titles give the reasons: *The Idea of the Moral Act* (Part I of his thesis); *Morality and the Knowledge of Ethical Value* (Part II of his thesis); *Metaphysics of Community: An Inquiry into the Essence and Value of Community*; *Things Temporal in the Light of the Eternal*; *The Limits of the State's Sovereignty*; *The Moral Foundations of the Community of Nations*.

With *Anschluss*, he fled again—this time to France. Finally in 1940, with the assistance of Jacques Maritain, he arrived in New York and became Professor of Philosophy at Fordham University.

A prodigious worker, von Hildebrand wrote more than thirty books, many of which became classics in his lifetime, and hundreds of articles for newspapers and magazines. *In Defense of Purity*, subtitled "An Analysis of the Catholic Ideals of Purity and Virginity," was probably his most famous work.

With the turmoil in the Church which followed on Vatican Council II, von Hildebrand came forward once again, with *Trojan Horse in the City of God* (1967), in which he exposed the principal errors with which the Church contends today. Two more books on the same subject were subsequently published, *Devastated Vineyard* and *Celibacy and the Crisis of Faith*. In 1969 he published *The Encyclical Humanae Vitae: A Sign of Contradiction*, an essay on birth control and Catholic conscience for which Pope Paul VI, expressing his gratitude, made him a Knight of the Order of Saint Sylvester.

Dr. von Hildebrand's great gift of intellect was seasoned by experience, warmth, and charm. For years he greeted his students at the door of the classroom with a handshake, a practice which at first surprised and thereafter delighted them. For those who entered his family of friends, he was the beloved Go-Go, the improbable name given to him by his family when he was just months old and by which his intimate friends knew him all his life.

In 1959, his first wife having died some years earlier, von Hildebrand married a former student and collaborator in many of his books, Dr. Alice Jourdain, Professor of Philosophy at Hunter College. He described the marriage as providential, and doubtless it was, for in several crises of health her devotion and care carried him through. He also claimed that only she, and a very few others, fully understood his work. EILEEN NIELSEN

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Nothing that I have ever read in *NR* made me want to grab my ball-point as quickly as Mr. Griffin's letter [Jan. 21]. And the urge was not prompted by righteous indignation or fervent affirmation; instead, it was prompted, as with Mr. Griffin, by a genuine affection.

There is a tone of sadness about his letter, which comes from the consistency of *NR*, but consistency exists with every type of magazine, from the worst to the best. And *NR* is consistently good. That's why I continue to buy it.

In one instance Mr. Griffin answers his own observa-

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tion. He said that some things *NR* allows people (staff, contributors, correspondents, and whatever) to say, and some things *NR* does not allow people to say. Further on he refers to such a policy as Policy. And indeed it is. The complete term is "editorial policy," and his objection has two answers. The first is that every publication has its editorial policy. You will not find things in *Pravda* that you find in *NR* and vice versa. The second, Mr. Buckley, you touch upon in your response, but not well. I have seen things in *NR* which startled me because they were utterly contradictory to the philosophy of *NR*. But there they were. And so the editorial policy is more liberal than Mr. Griffin observes.

He states that there is "rarely one correct view or course of action," but that *NR* seems to take the attitude that such is the case. However, in every situation there is one *best* course of action, even if there are other non-destructive courses of action. Why should *NR* advocate any but the best course of action?

NR is indeed guilty of policy when Stanton Evans defends nuclear power, particularly against such people as Nader. How many times have you seen Nader on the Mike Douglas and Johnny Carson shows, without a corresponding advocate for reason? I can recall a total of five times recently. How many articles have you seen on Nader without a corresponding advocate for reason in the same publication? I don't have a count of that. But he criticizes *NR* for not having an equal measure of *pro* for every measure of *con*. Come on, Mr. Griffin. Think about that for a minute. A minute should be enough.

To say that the editors of *Newsweek* are not aware that they are "liberal" is to say nothing in their favor. Walter Cronkite, Dan Rather, Harry Reasoner, CBS, NBC, and ABC are not aware that they are liberal. But they are. And what is the difference between "reasonable" men and "conservative" men?

Above all, *NR* does not omit or distort the best arguments of the opposition. It *answers* them. Something which the "liberals" cannot do.

Furthermore, and I admit this is getting personal, if one uses vermouth properly, one uses less and less until it is eliminated altogether.

Only on one count do I agree enthusiastically with Mr. Griffin. *NR* can be quite provincial. For example, who the hell is Lillian Hellman? Do you think that because she is of special interest in the Northeast we are to have the same interest in the Southeast? Who the hell do you think you are?

And I have a *furthermore* that goes with my first *furthermore*. It is also critical of your provincialism. Nowhere have I seen, in any copy, anything of a specifically Southern nature. Could I, for example, pick up an *NR*, flip casually through the pages, and come upon something like the following admonition: "le lightning blanc should never be served with les grits"? Ha, ha! I have you there, Buckley; and so help me, sir, you had better admit it, or we shall face each other at twenty paces under the Spanish moss on a foggy morning in the swamp!

Zounds, I exhaust me. Between you and that other yankee, Griffin . . . But I can't go on, even though you neglect us. I weary.

Oh, the tale I could tell you of our shine of the moon! It would fill at least one of your pages. But you care not. And I languish . . .

Sincerely,
Dan Althoff
Atlantic Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Althoff: You are wrong! We care about you hugely! Believe us! Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Bill, this would be an appropriate time to mention our new back-of-the-book format. This is the first issue in which we have run the Books, Arts, & Manners sections together (as they were in Frank Meyer's day). This gives us additional editorial flexibility, permitting us, for instance, to lead the entire section with Joe Sobran's devastating critique of *Tail Gunner Joe*. Chilton Williamson Jr. will edit the new section and Joe Sobran, who had edited Arts & Manners, will contribute a column or a review each fortnight to BA&M.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having read *NR*'s brief discussion of capital punishment (Feb. 4), I can only conclude that the author writes from experience when, on the same page no less, Kissinger is accused of "flexible ambiguity" and "logic-obscuring references."

In many ways I am like Mr. Griffin of Chevy Chase and hold *NR* to high standards of logic and clarity, and, as one who naïvely enjoys "seeing the tenets of reason applied to political issues," I plow through your editorials upon occasion, expecting to have some notion of what the hell you're talking about. I can become distressed, strangely indignant, when *NR* manages so exquisitely to fog up an already stormy issue.

Don't get me wrong. Conservatives are as adept as liberals at reading between the lines. Conservatives have the edge, however; they expect to find some sense in the lines themselves, particularly in a journal of conservative thought, especially in a journal of reason.

I mean, what *was* the point of that essay? Moreover, to betray my own viewpoint, what is the point of capital punishment? Fill me in.

Sincerely yours,
Mark Masterson
Kingston, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Masterson: Complex positions need to be elucidated with some reference to their complexity. Blame the question, not the exegete. Cordially, **—WFB**

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The Detente Party

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

In this space last issue I mused on the deal by which NBC bought the right to provide global broadcasting of the Soviet propaganda spectacular which the Kremlin plans to make of the 1980 Olympic Games—a task which the Soviets, on their own, are incapable of performing. It would be unjust to suggest that NBC's conduct, here, is unique.

NBC provides the Soviets with advanced communications equipment and correlated technological know-how. GM provides truck construction machines and know-how; Union Carbide, Dow, and Dupont, chemical plants and know-how; our big farmers and farmer corporations, grain by the billions of bushels; Firestone, a rubber plant and know-how; Milacron, computerized machine tools and know-how. Add Britain's Imperial Chemicals, West Germany's Siemens, Italy's Fiat, France's Gobain, and you name it. The Soviets get the hardware—often on a complete plant basis—and the knowledge of advanced technology. They pay mostly in IOUs, underwritten by Western banks and Western governments, which have risen rapidly from a nominal level to about $40 billion. Thus, for the past eight years the advanced Western nations, on a large and expanding scale, have been improving both the hardware and the expertise of the Soviet economic structure, and have been supplying the Soviets with large quantities of essential items they cannot or do not choose to produce themselves.

During the period of this expanding largesse, the Soviet Union has continuously increased its weapons production. U.S. intelligence currently estimates that the Soviet military budget is more than 40 per cent higher than ours, even though Soviet GNP is less than half ours. At the beginning of this period we had military superiority over the Soviets. The Soviets have caught up. Some military experts believe they have already drawn ahead; all agree they will soon have clearcut superiority if present trends on both sides continue.

In this same period the Soviets supplied the military equipment and political backing with which North Vietnam forced us to retreat from Southeast Asia, conquered South Vietnam, and enabled Communists to take power in Cambodia and Laos. Still more recently, a combined Soviet-Cuban operation enabled the anti-Western MPLA to take power in Angola. Six weeks ago the congress of Frelimo, the conquering party in Mozambique, in the presence of delegations from the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Cuba, consolidated its link with the Soviet Union and the pro-Soviet Communist bloc. De facto Soviet bases have been established in Somalia (at Djibouti) and Aden (People's Democratic Republic of Yemen), and are being developed in the Congo (Brazzaville), Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, and elsewhere along Africa's west coast.

To Sum Up

The most significant features of the strategic relationship between the Western nations and the Soviet Union during this period are, in summary:

1. The Soviet Union has received from the West, at minor cost, equipment, technology, and know-how that has greatly strengthened and upgraded the Soviet economy, filled critical Soviet deficiencies in agriculture and industry, and given the Soviet leadership increased flexibility in allocating resources.

2. The internal Soviet regime has not been significantly modified, and remains totalitarian.

3. Soviet military power relative to Western military power has made a quantum jump—from inferiority to equality, perhaps to superiority.

4. Soviet global policy continues aggressively, and on net successfully, anti-Western.

This "period" I am writing about is the still continuing period of what the Soviet Union and the Western nations agree in calling "detente." The four features I have just listed constitute *the definition of detente*—the definition in terms not of wishes, hopes, or words, but of real events in the real world; the definition, as logicians might say, *in rem*, not *in verbum*.

It is easy to understand why the Soviet Union likes the policy of detente—invented it, in fact. But how is it possible that the Western nations could pursue a policy so idiotic, not to mention suicidal, from their standpoint?

The chief part of the answer is suggested by the paragraphs with which I began. On the Western side, the decisive support of detente—not the language of detente but its realities—has come from the big Western corporations. They support detente for the simplest of reasons; they see a chance to make a few bucks—maybe, in time, a lot of bucks—and they can't resist that temptation.

The Western nations are not getting anything much, even financially, out of the Soviet trade—furs, some oil and gas, a few tons of gold—but some individual corporations are doing rather well, thanks to the credit extended by the big banks, much of it backed by government guarantees. A corporation executive will denounce Communism to a faretheewell at the Economics Club luncheon and return to the office to sign that juicy-looking contract with the Commissariat of Heavy Industry.

The Guiding Contradiction

The rationale for detente is presented by our liberal, pacifist, and leftist ideologues (helped a bit by notions floated in from the other shore) and by some diplomats who fancy their talent for manipulating history, but their role is secondary. In short, David Rockefeller and Henry Ford had more to do with the coming of detente than Michael Harrington and Henry Kissinger.

There is nothing immoral or disloyal in the wish of our corporate executives to make money out of trade with the Soviet Union. We confront here not the errors or sins of individuals but the basic contradiction of capitalism that is part of the foundation on which rests the Communists' belief in the inevitability of their victory. Whatever can be said for the Invisible Hand when it sticks to its economic métier, it is often hopelessly clumsy when the problem is to bring the individual's profit urge into line with the trans-economic interests of the nation and society—with, specifically, the nation's survival. □

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ORLANDO LETELIER

Blow-Up

KEVIN LYNCH

THE BOMB did its work well: it blew a hole in the light blue Chevelle and tore Orlando Letelier to pieces. It also killed Ronni Moffitt, who was sitting with Letelier in the front seat of his car. Mrs. Moffitt's husband, who was sitting in the back seat, was spared.

The FBI and Washington police hadn't yet finished sifting through the wreckage last September 21 when many in Washington, including some members of the World's Greatest Deliberative Body, had decided who was responsible for the deaths. James Abourezk, the junior senator from South Dakota, announced that "the tyranny of the dictatorship in Chile has now been extended in part to the United States." Senator Edward Kennedy reached the same conclusion. Richard Barnet, co-director of Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, employer of Letelier and the Moffitts, said there was "enough evidence to suspect that Letelier was killed by the Chilean intelligence agency."

For most of Salvador Allende's brief term as president of Chile, Letelier was his ambassador to the United States. When the roof began to fall in, Allende summoned him home to Santiago, where he arrived in time to join Allende's cabinet and, after the coup on September 11, 1973, to spend a year in various Chilean prisons. Upon his release, he went to Washington and the Institute for Policy Studies. In its comment on the murder, the *Washington Post* called Letelier "an economist of deep intellect and humane spirit . . . a rare individual, as patient in argument as he was passionate in conviction. . . . He exemplified precisely the qualities —reason, concern for the common man, and civility—which the junta is trying to suppress in his native land. . . . He deserves honor." Senator George McGovern, the senior senator from South Dakota, said his death "deprived the world of one of its noblest men."

So far, some five months after the explosion, authorities have been unable to determine who's responsible for the bomb. The most promising leads they have point in two different directions: an umbrella group of anti-Castro organizations; or a left-wing Chilean group intent on disrupting Chile's relations with the United States. On October 12 the *New York Times* reported that the FBI and CIA had virtually ruled out the possibility that Letelier was killed by the junta.

The next development came on December 20, in a column by Jack Anderson and Les Whitten. Letelier, according to evidence found in his briefcase, which survived the bomb, had a Havana connection: Beatrice Allende, daughter of Hortensia and Salvador, and wife of Luis Fernandez Ona, second in command of Cuba's KGB. A letter from her to Letelier informed him that he would be receiving a monthly stipend of $1,000 "to support your work" with the blessing of Chilean Socialist Party chief Carlos Altamirano, who resides in East Berlin. Did Castro know of Letelier's stipend? Anderson and Whitten: "Intelligence sources contend that the money couldn't have been transmitted to Letelier without the Cuban government's approval." The briefcase also showed that Letelier or an associate had contact with Emilio Brito, a functionary of the Communist Central Committee of Cuba, and Julian Rizo, the first secretary of the Cuban mission to the United Nations. Surprisingly, considering the interest in Letelier last September, the Anderson and Whitten column hardly registered on Washington seismographs. According to Accuracy in Media's *AIM Report*, only WTTG-TV in Washington even picked up the story, adding that Letelier had a contact in a U.S. government agency.

Some Day

On February 16, however, Evans and Novak drew blood. Citing more information found in the briefcase, they reported that Letelier "was leading a campaign to 'mobilize' liberal congressmen against Chile's military government while concealing world Communist support for the movement—including funds from Cuba that helped finance a congressman's trip to Mexico." The congressman was Representative Michael Harrington (D., Mass.), sponsor of a 1976 amendment to halt aid to the Chilean junta. But more interesting yet was a copy of a letter from Letelier to Beatrice Allende in Havana. Discussing strategy to be used in the U.S. campaign against aid to Chile, Letelier wrote that it was crucial that it maintain "an apolitical character, oriented exclusively to the problem of human rights." The object, he wrote, "is to mobilize the 'liberals' and other persons, who if they don't identify with us from an ideological point of view, are in it for what human rights reflects . . . since you know how these 'liberals' are." (Every time Letelier mentioned the word liberals, Evans and Novak noted, it was in quotes.) Ending on a hopeful note, Letelier wrote: "Perhaps some day, not far away, we also will be able to do what has been done in Cuba."

A Friend at IPS

The forces devoted to keeping sacred the name Orlando Letelier instantly mobilized. *Washington Post* reporter Lee Lescaze wrote that the key assumption of both the Anderson & Whitten and Evans & Novak columns "was that Letelier was receiving Cuban government money." Lescaze sought out an impartial source to demolish this thesis: Saul Landau, a member of the defunct Fair Play for Cuba Committee, an associate of the Institute for Policy Studies, and acting director of IPS's Transnational Institute (the position Letelier had held at the time of his death). Landau dismissed the idea that Letelier's money came from the Cuban government and gave Lescaze a much more plausible source: church groups, labor unions, and social democratic parties of Western Europe and the United States.

After presenting Landau and his ingenious theory, Lescaze moves on to those who believe Letelier's money came from Cuba: "*American Opinion*, the magazine of the John Birch Society, and others."

There the matter now stands. On one side is the IPS, Michael Harrington, Lee Lescaze, Hortensia and Beatrice Allende. On the other, "*American Opinion* and others." □

Mr. Lynch is NR*'s articles editor.*

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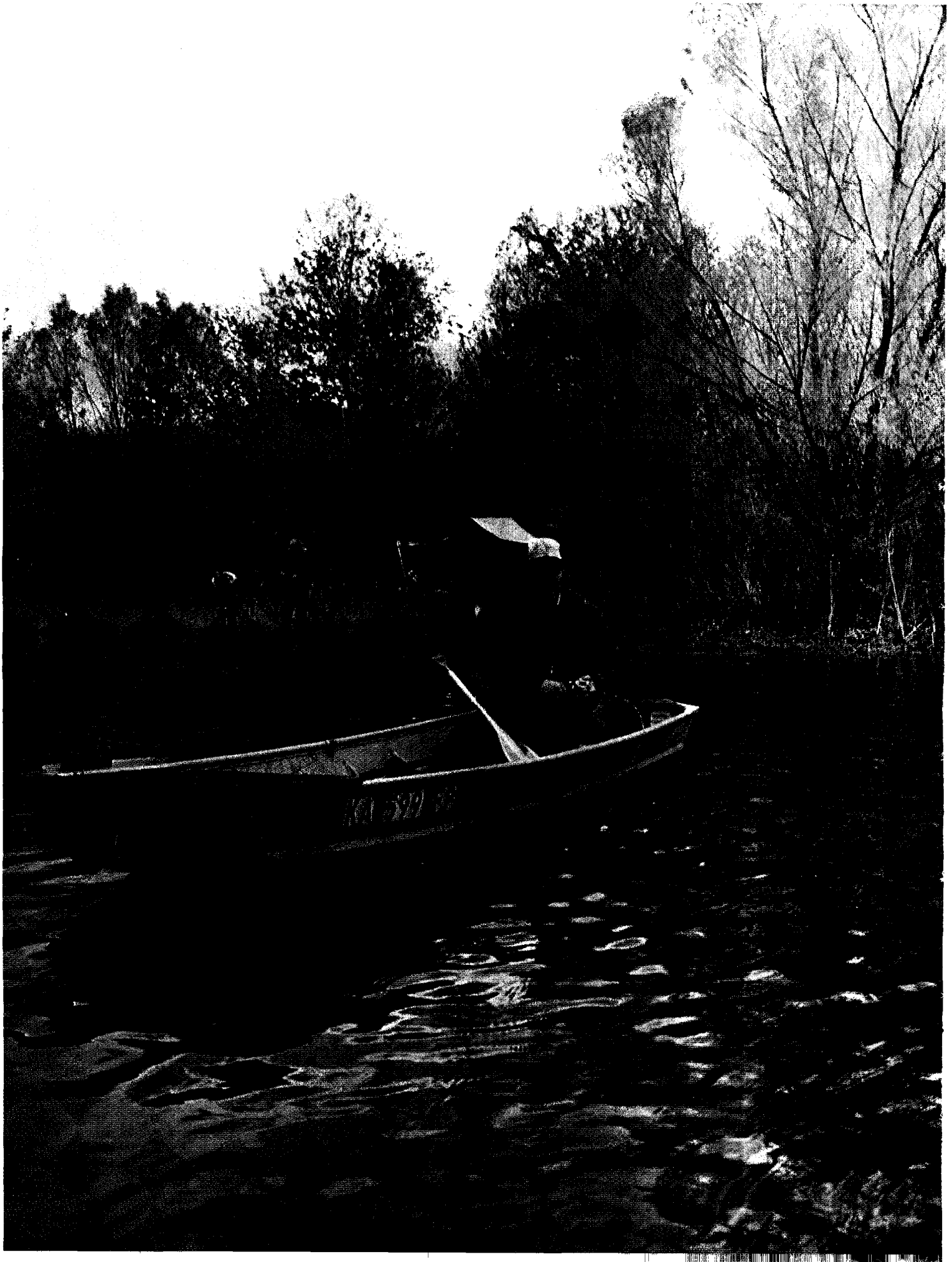

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"I work for an energy company, but that doesn't mean I hate Mother Nature."

"I'm not going to suggest that an oil well improves the horizon, or that an operating surface mine looks more attractive than the original landscape," says Gulf Project Engineer Ken Cassidy.

"But the fact is that, to produce the energy we need now and will need in the future, we sometimes have to disrupt the environment.

We try harder

"We work hard to keep these disruptions as small as possible, and to get the work over with as quickly as possible. And I think we're doing pretty well.

"I could show you several beautiful places that have yielded a lot of energy from under the earth, and that have been reclaimed and replanted. They look as good as they did before. Sometimes even better.

From coal to bass

"For instance, that spot in the picture. Twenty years ago it was a partial flood plain, so unproductive you couldn't even get firewood out of there. Then fifteen years ago it was producing coal—it was a surface mine. Then it was reclaimed, revegetated. Now it's a favorite campsite for my whole family. And there's no better spot for catching largemouth bass.

A double challenge

"Here, Gulf has met two challenges: producing energy and providing an environment that's good to live in.

"There are bound to be areas in which energy companies and environmentalists may disagree. But there are solutions we can work on together.

"It's a great challenge to recover energy from the earth without permanently disrupting the environment. We are meeting this challenge. We'll continue to meet it one step at a time."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

"We need the energy—but we need a good environment, too."

Gulf Oil Corporation

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They're being brought to life by Richard Williams, Oscar-winning director of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." With songs by Grammy and Emmy awards winner Joe Raposo, the music man who made "Sesame Street" sing. And screenplay by Patricia Thackray and Max Wilk.

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It is being released around Easter time—a kind of love song to some favorite dollies that we'd like to share with another generation of boys and girls

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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TAP, BEOG, SEOG, CWS, NDSL

Fund One, Fund All

GEOFFREY WAGNER

"HOW MUCH you get on TAP, man?"

"Two gran'."

"That all? You musta tole the truth."

Conversations like this abound at the big state and municipal colleges today. The speakers are students, many in their mid- or even late twenties. They form part of a subculture that was spawned out of the cornucopia of funding grants available. It is a group with its own language, trading secrets at the pay trough, where *Just come!* is the slogan. My own college issues a schedule of check dates for picking up these grants, which are available to nearly all students. It reads like a sort of worksheet. "You may now begin picking up your Financial Aid Checks. . . . In cases where there is an SEOG/CWS match, you may start picking up your SEOG check before you get your *first* CWS check." And very nice, too. For chiefly, of course, it is at places like CUNY and SUNY that students have come to use college as a staging station into society, a postponement of unemployment (or, if you will, the weekly wait at the unemployment insurance counter). Yet at many private colleges, too, you will find students poring over lists of these grants in the library with the afflatus of the bibliomane. This is a new class. It doesn't even have to graduate.

Everybody Wins . . .

Take BEOG, Basic Educational Opportunity Grant. It is almost impossible not to get one. Joe Blow must make a financial statement that his income is under $10,000 a year net (nobody's 1040 seems to be checked, and a lot of students simply send in a blank form with their names on), deduct rent, food, clothing, medical expenses, and then he may apply for $1,400 a year, payable once a semester. Note that this money is not supposed to be used for tuition. It is for living. BEOG is unusual in paying out only once a semester. Most of these grants pay out twice, like NDSL, the lucrative National Direct Student Loan; while some (like SEEK) are payrolls: the student comes to feel himself employed, picking up a regular check alongside the faculty and maintenance men. SEEK stands for Search for Education, Elevation, and Knowledge and is the richest handout New York City students, at least, can tap. Note further that the Financial Aid Office of the college is very happy with BEOG and NDSL because the school makes money out of these grants, too. The applications are sent off to Iowa and the grants arrive in a lump sum. By then disbursing them piecemeal, and seldom on time, the individual college makes good change out of the interest. Everybody wins.

As well as BEOG, Joe Blow can apply for SEOG (Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant), CWS (College Work Study, this one funded by private monies), CD (College Discovery), and a host of others. Again—these grants have nothing to do with tuition. They are for living expenses during college years, to help you keep vertical in your classroom seat.

When it comes to tuition, our sample student can find so many sources it would be tedious to list them. TAP is perhaps the most famous in the East. TAP stands for (New York State) Tuition Assistance Program, and it is one of the few of these local handouts for which residency is required—a Californian student I had two years ago was amazed at the ease with which non-residents could pick up such grants in the East. To tap TAP you must therefore submit a state income tax form (again, a blank will do the job). And once you've got TAP you are automatically eligible and considered for other grants. Even if you don't get TAP there are money sources in abundance listed by HEW, while if you are lucky enough to have had more than six months—181 days, to be exact—in the U.S. armed services, it is your fortune as a college student to receive $380 to $400 a month from the VA, plus $24 a month for each dependent. Should you have been in the military service for a year, TAP is automatic and tax-exempt.

So this life becomes a way of employment. Check out the indignant near-riots that take place at these pick-up windows should the bursar's office be behind in disbursing its loot. The forms are voluminous and it takes time to fill them out. You have to go on sending them in, Xeroxing them, revising statements and figures; after having done so, Joe Blow feels he's done a hard day's work. Perhaps not quite an honest day's work. He may have lied here and there, but they weren't exactly plaster saints under Nixon, were they? So it's really more like an executive's life. You fill in all these forms, and sign your name over and over, and register all these letters. I know more than one city student who has amassed 120 credits and never "worked" a day in his life. And frankly, he's helping the college, isn't he? Without these grants and fundings, the school would have to pare its programs to the bone. Fire more professors. So, by sweating over his BEOG and SEOG and CWS, Joe Blow is surely supporting his local academic community. He ought to feel proud of himself, and he not infrequently does.

. . . Even Uncle Sam

This subculture starts early. You can now get government grants of this kind at 17. So you start life on a variety of mini-welfares and then, as a "student," grow so inured to such support that you are ready to slip into Welfare itself, or one of its equivalents, on graduation. Indeed, you become resentful when it is suggested that similar handouts may not be available throughout life. England has gone this route, and the results have not been edifying. Meanwhile, over here, it must be realized that one reason why our city colleges have so diluted their degree that anyone may get one is that in this case college is less an academic matter than a branch of Welfare. And professors who fail such students should "recycle" themselves or retire. Everybody wins. Except Uncle Sam? No. Washington, or HEW, imagines it has won simply by keeping a large, potentially dissident group of (voting) citizens quiet for a few more years, until they become eligible for more mature grants and funding. □

Mr. Wagner is a professor at the City College of New York. His most recent book is The End of Education.

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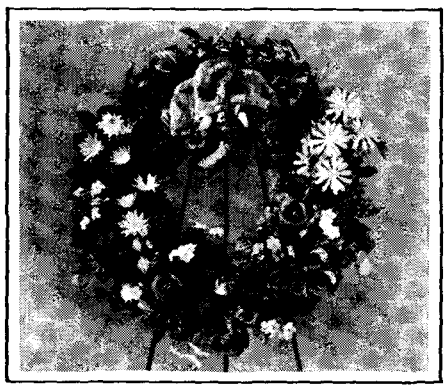
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
JEFFREY HART
ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Is the Republican Party Dead?



Yes!

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY has won four of the last 12 presidential races, and controlled two of the last 24 Congresses. It emerged from the elections last November with only 12 of the fifty governorships, and 180 of the 535 seats in Congress. With less than 24 per cent of the voters registered as Republican, it is now at the lowest point in its 123-year history.

The conventional wisdom is that the main cause of the GOP's decline is its failure to project a clear "image." It is argued that the voters cannot tell whether the GOP is Conservative fish, Moderate flesh, or Liberal fowl and, furthermore, that they have been leaving it in droves because they no longer know what it "really stands for." But it is also the conventional wisdom that despite its "image" problem, the GOP just might be back in business in 1980, if the upcoming Carter Administration should fail to get on top of unemployment and stagflation.

Which conventional wisdom, it seems to me, is largely conventional nonsense.

It is true that the once vigorous conservative image of the GOP has become blurred, and that its Conservative voice on the hustings has developed a Moderate mumble and a Liberal stutter. But it is not true that the voters do not know what it "really stands for."

Consciously, or unconsciously, the voters know quite well that the GOP stands for a certain set of principles: for political and economic freedom, for the liberty of the individual, for a free-market economy, for fiscal and financial responsibility in government, and for limited government. And most of the voters also know that these are the principles on which the Republic itself was founded.

The real reason that Americans have been leaving the GOP in droves is that most of them just don't give a damn any more for these principles.

Just when the American Republic became a democracy is a question for historians. But a democracy is what it now is. Furthermore, it is what political scientists call a "perfect" democracy: the franchise is universal, votes are not weighed, but counted, and the will of the majority is imposed on the minority. And there is nothing less relevant in a "perfect" democracy than "Republican principles."

"Democracy," wrote Plato, "arose from men thinking that if they are equal in any respect, they are equal in all respects." Two thousand years later, Walt Whitman, the poet laureate of American democracy, cried, "I give the sign of democracy: My God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms!"

Have-Nots and Want-Mores

The spirit of a democracy is egalitarian, and, consequently, its political and economic thrust is always to the left. In prosperity or depression, peace or war, a democracy moves ineluctably toward centralized, powerful, egalitarian government—and toward one-party rule.

The wars a democracy wins, no less the wars it loses, always hasten this leftward movement. Governments at war necessarily become dictatorships. In wartime, a democratic government increases and consolidates its power over the nation's resources and its industry, and the lives and incomes of the people.

The economic thrust of a democracy (in war or in peace) is toward the redistribution of wealth, and the equalization of incomes. This process begins with soak-the-rich legislation, or, as it is euphemistically called in America, "progressive taxation." Unfortunately, robbing Peter to pay Paul does not produce an altogether satisfactory result. While the rich do get poorer—and fewer—the poor do not seem to get much richer, and even seem to grow more numerous. So democratic governments must pursue their goal of redistributing the wealth (and closing the gap between the haves and the have-nots) by borrowing what they can't collect in taxes (i.e., deficit financing) and by printing counterfeit money (i.e., inflating the currency). As a result, there is a depression, and unless something lovely—like a war—comes along to give the unemployed something useful to do, and to get industry moving, the economy collapses.

The end of a perfect democracy is also apodictic: it finally solves the economic problems it has created for itself, by canceling out its own system and embracing some form of totalitarianism—State Socialism, Fascism, military dictatorship, or Communism.

There is nothing mysterious or conspiratorial about the trend of a democracy toward the left. "The Communists" and "the Socialists" do not start it. It is self-starting; they simply take a free ideological ride on it until it self-destructs, when they take over.

In every large society, the have-nots, the need-mores, and the want-mores always constitute a majority. The trend to the left begins the day this majority discovers that, by virtue of the principle of majority rule, they possess the political power to elect governments that will provide them free services and benefits, which will be paid for out of taxes levied on the have-more minority. On

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that same day—or perhaps the day before—the politicians discover that encouraging the voters to lean on government is tantamount to election. In 1933, one of FDR's white-haired boys put this discovery into a single exquisitely cynical sentence: "Spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect."

It is interesting to remember that only the year before, Franklin Roosevelt had campaigned and won the Presidency on the promise to cut down the rising cost of government; pare the "bloated" Hoover bureaucracy, then numbering 605,000 federal employees; balance the "staggering" Hoover budget, then out of balance by $1.5 billion; put the unemployed, then 12 million, back to work; and "get business and industry moving." (In a democracy, presidential campaign rhetoric is always a "moderate" mixture of conservative and liberal ideology. But operationally—give a zig here, or a zag there—*all* American Administrations are seen to move to the left.)

Today, eight Democratic, four Republican Administrations—and three wars—after President Roosevelt launched the New Deal, the size and cost of government has increased a hundred-fold. There are now 2.8 million federal employees, the budget deficit is $70 billion, government is collecting 40 per cent of the income of its productive citizens in taxes, 51 per cent of which it spends on welfare and other social security and cash transfer programs. The unemployment rate is 7.3 per cent, the GNP growth rate is stagnating, and the Fed's happy habit of pumping printed money into the economy to keep it moving has caused a serious inflation problem.

Last November, Mr. Carter was elected on his promises to reduce the cost of government, pare down the bureaucracy, bring inflation and unemployment under control, cut taxes, stimulate the sagging free-enterprise sector, clean up the welfare and Medicare-Medicaid mess, save the dying and bankrupt cities, and balance the budget by 1980. Those who believe that—even with the best will in the world—President Carter will be able to keep all these promises simply do not understand the dynamics of democracy. They do not understand the collusion that exists in a democracy between politicians greedy for office, labor unionists who believe that higher wages for less work is the First Democratic Commandment, warm-hearted but mindless liberal politicians, journalists and educators who buy and sell the spend-spend-spend doctrine under the rubric of "the politics of compassion," and the want-ever-more majority.

It is only rational to assume that even if the situation Mr. Carter has inherited is no worse four years hence, it will not be much better. What is certain is that if the situation *is* worse, the socialist mix, in the "mixed economy," will inescapably become greater.

So back to the fortunes and the future of the Republican Party.

Will the principles for which the GOP stands be any more attractive tomorrow to the want-more majority than they were yesterday? What "positive" programs can it offer this majority, if they should be worse off in 1980 than they are today? What "popular" measures can the GOP suggest, if the "politics of compassion" have carried the country (and more of its great cities) farther down the road to bankruptcy? If depression and inflation are still with us in 1980, will the majority then vote for the only kind of policy that could hope to restore prosperity and a stable currency—a rigorous retrenchment of government expenditures, an austerity program?

Ask the governments of Great Britain and Italy, now faced with national bankruptcy, what success *they* are having in selling their austerity programs. They will tell you that their democratic electorates will not support any politician or party (and certainly no labor union leader) who does not promise to protect all the social gains they have already made, and they will continue to demand more until the bones of the last have-mores are picked clean, and their last raid on the national treasury finds it empty. At which point they will go totalitarian.

What political commentator Robert Novak calls "the long descent of the Republican Party into irrelevance, defeat, and perhaps eventual disappearance" is a natural consequence of the trend of American democracy toward the left. And a trend is a trend. □

JEFFREY HART

Not If It Shapes Up

It is certainly possible to understand Clare Boothe Luce's somber mood. She and we write in the aftermath of the defeat of Ford's caretaker regime—a politically limited entity dedicated to decency, credibility, and other imponderables found in the eye of the beholder and the gaze of the media. The Ford regime was certainly in no position, politically, to do what must be done for both the country and the Republican Party.

Despite our sympathy for Mrs. Luce's feelings of gloom, however, exception must be taken to many of her analytical and factual points.

Before dealing with these, a general observation is in order. Let us remember that in all probability Watergate saved the jobs of many bureaucrats, including countless regulators and affirmative actors, even as Watergate also consigned millions of South Vietnamese to the delights of totalitarianism. In 1972 and 1973, Richard Nixon had large plans for getting the bureaucracy under control and reshaping much of it. Nixon aides had fanned out to key posts in the critical agencies. We cannot know; however, many of the most objectionable satrapies, but for Watergate, might have undergone the experience of the Office of Economic Opportunity under Howard Phillips.

The point of the above paragraph is general: that politics, life, are struggles—relentless, serious, and for high stakes, in which little quarter is expected and certainly little is given.

Let us turn, now, to certain of the points made by Mrs. Luce.

She denies that the troubles of the GOP derive from an image problem, claims that the voters know just what the party stands for, and maintains that though the GOP stands for good things, those are also unpopular. What the party stands for, she says, is: political and economic freedom, the liberty of the individual, a free-market economy, fiscal and financial responsibility, and limited government.

I would reply that the Republicans do have an image problem, but that it

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is rooted in substance and in performance.

So far as the public can see, Republican support for the "free market" really issues in an almost total identification with business, and especially big business. The public is not hostile to business, far from it, but it perceives that business is not the only interest in the American political equation. Nor is much of business even conservative. In fact, many businessmen are political idiots, pouring millions into the liberal media, for example, and lusting after Soviet markets for soft drinks and computers.

As millions of people perceive clearly and accurately, the business mentality is frequently narrow, even anti-political, and Republican identification with this interest results in a narrow and unappealing image—but, I think, not an inaccurate one.

Mrs. Luce says that the GOP stands for the liberty of the individual and for limited government. Fine phrases, and frequently heard at election time—but precisely what did the Nixon and Ford regimes do about a whole range of issues that obviously fall under those headings? What did they do about that most egregious crime against limited government, busing? Even Griffin Bell, thus far, sounds better on that issue than either Edward Levi or John Mitchell. In 1968 and 1972 the people elected a Republican Administration—*and nothing much happened*. We cannot know what a second-term Nixon might have accomplished on the bureaucracy-welfare-social issues, and as I say he had many plans; but, so far as the public can see, the Republicans had eight years in the White House and defaulted on every theme of the 1968 campaign.

Mrs. Luce argues that the U.S. is now a "perfect democracy"—meaning one in which majority pressures are rapidly translated into policy, wealth is redistributed downward, etc.

Far from being a majoritarian democracy of that kind, however, the U.S. is certainly moving toward bureaucratic and judicial oligarchy, as these two non-elected power centers seize ever greater decision-making prerogatives.

No majority imperative at all exists for busing, for OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration), for the burgeoning food stamp program, for much in HEW and HUD, for the blue-sky expenditures of the Office of Education and myriad other such agencies. In these concrete circumstances, we are approaching Plato's definition of oligarchy, not democracy. The judicial and bureaucratic oligarchies are imposing their will on both the economic majority and the economic minority.

Whatever Walt Whitman says, the egalitarian age is not dawning in the U.S.—and, in fact, we have been resisting it rather successfully for many years. Studies of income distribution, for example, do not suggest any great leveling: rather, the reverse. Of course, there is no popular mandate whatsoever—contrary to Mrs. Luce—for a redistribution of income downward. To be sure, income is indeed being "transferred" at the behest of government, but scarcely to have-nots. The big gainers have been the new elite of bureaucrats, planners, researchers, educators, and so forth who draw heavily on the federal treasury and justify their depredations with a rhetoric of social concern. Income redistribution in the U.S. has been mainly from an older elite to a new one.

Aroma of Burning Tree

I would like to reflect briefly on Mrs. Luce's phrase "limited government." Of course there are many things that government cannot do, or cannot do well. But a Whiggish "passive" government stance is inappropriate to our actual situation and will get nowhere electorally. At the present time, in fact, we do not have strong government; we have bloated, senescent government—able to bully ordinary Americans but helpless before organized predatory interests. Above all, in our present circumstances, we need a lean and powerful Executive, a veritable tribune of the national interest, powerful enough to face down the media and take on the federal bureaucracy.

I doubt that war always moves a democracy to the left. The Civil War led to the Grant Administration. How about Harding, Coolidge, Eisenhower? Today, a certain kind of conservatism, inadequate but, also, still conservative, dominates the Republican Party. Pending further evidence, it has to be said that Carter has shifted the internal politics of the Democratic Party toward the right, and toward the South.

No, I do not think the problems of the GOP and of the nation are very accurately described by Mrs. Luce.

The problem is one of substance, but also of style and imagination.

The Republican Party must widen its appeal, not by moving left but by appealing to the "unfashionable ethnics"—the Irish, Italians, Slavs, and so forth—who are not favored by reverse discrimination. It boggles the mind to reflect on the fact that from Nixon and Ford we got four Midwestern WASPs on the Supreme Court. That is not politics. That is Republicanism, the aroma of Burning Tree and Palm Springs.

The Republicans should be firm on national defense and unabashedly nationalistic, but skeptical too. They should not line up in support of every zany new weapons system that percolates up out of the Pentagon—for example, the multi-billion-dollar nuclear-powered super-carriers, best known as Project Sitting Duck, that have more to do with Admiral Hyman Rickover's clout in Congress than with any plausible military scenario.

The Republicans should declare war on the bloated social welfare bureaucracy, and ditto on blue-sky public education expenditure.

They should be more populist, less constricted stylistically, look to Teddy Roosevelt rather than to someone like Ford. Migod, if Ford had possessed the imagination to pick Anne Armstrong for Vice President he probably would have won the election. But then he would not have been Ford.

Not only in the U.S. but in the entire tier of advanced industrial nations stretching from West Germany across Europe to the other side of the globe, New Zealand and Australia, the political trend is rightward, socialism intellectually bankrupt, high social spending under searching scrutiny. The trick in the U.S. will be to bring all of the anti-liberals into one political organization, or a coalition of organizations. As it stands, the anti-liberals are divided among the Republican and Democratic Parties and a large and growing contingent of independents. Between 1968 and 1976 the GOP missed an historic opportunity, and paid the correct price.

Clare Boothe Luce argues that the Republicans have been losing because of their unattractive virtues. I think they have failed through narrowness, lack of imagination, and a failure to understand the substance of our current political struggle. □

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ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

No!

MRS. LUCE THINKS the decline of the Republican Party is permanent. She attributes it not to correctible errors, but to the abandonment by Americans of the principles the party stood for, such as "political and economic freedom" and "limited government." It is not because voters do not know what the Republican Party stands for that they do not vote for it, but because they do. Voters are egalitarians and each hopes to live off the other. The Republican Party is doomed because the Republic and Republican principles are. I think that Mrs. Luce's pessimism is unrealistic—*Deo gratias.*

Before addressing the main question she raises, let me note that the one Mrs. Luce pushes aside—did the Republican Party unequivocally stand for the principles we both cherish so as to be identified with them and to give voters a choice?—cannot be treated so cavalierly. For, under such Republican Presidents as Eisenhower, Nixon, and Ford, under such governors as Rockefeller, Republican principles were not implemented. There are many excuses and some explanations. Still, the fact remains that Republican Presidents did not give a Republican direction to the Republic, nor did they seriously ask its citizens to support such a course. At best they slowed down the drift into bureaucratization and egalitarianism. I don't underestimate this achievement—particularly when compared to the alternative—but it does not constitute a standard to which people can rally. So, unlike Mrs. Luce, I feel that there is something to the "conventional wisdom" that the Republican Party needs a clearer, more principled identity. People must have confidence that candidates elected as Republicans will act as Republicans, and effectively so. But let me turn to the points Mrs. Luce regards as decisive.

Mrs. Luce thinks that Americans have abandoned liberty in favor of equality. Now these two ideas, as Alexis de Tocqueville already noted, have always been in conflict in the Republic, and necessarily so. Mrs. Luce does not suggest that any reduction of individual liberty in the area of culture, or politics, or privacy, or sex has taken place. I have not noticed any. On the contrary, we have more equality in these areas without any loss of liberty, indeed with more—perhaps too much—liberty than Americans had in the past. (There may be a loss of quality. But that is a different issue.)

The Wave of the Future

Mrs. Luce also asserts there has been a restriction of economic liberty through the redistributive efforts of the government aimed at increasing economic equality and security. I think she is right. These well-meaning efforts, far from helping those they are meant to help, have, on the whole, made most people worse off. One reason is that they tend to decrease the productivity of our economy, which is becoming more and more regulated (or hamstrung) by an expensive and unproductive bureaucracy—the new class that actually benefits from egalitarian efforts. I would add that the judiciary and the bureaucracy have combined to decrease the power of our representative political institutions, so as to increase their own. The power of Congress has decreased, not in favor of that of the Presidency as some historians assert, but in favor of that of the judiciary and of the bureaucracy. The judiciary and the bureaucracy also have usurped the power lost by local governments. They have made productive individual initiatives (ranging from new medicines, new ways of building, new ways of schooling, new anything on the product and services markets) harder and harder. Taxation takes an increasing proportion of the national income, regulation misdirects much of our national effort, and an unproductive welfare population has been created. We insist that the young and unskilled get paid more than their services are worth. They are not employed, and we pay for this. Since the government does not dare tax people to the full extent of its own wastefulness, and of the political bribes it pays pressure groups, it creates the needed money by inflation, which in turn leads to further strangulating regulations, etc. The President and Congress have not seriously opposed these trends (although it must be said that Mr. Ford tried more than others).

I FEEL ABOUT these things as Mrs. Luce does. But Mrs. Luce also goes beyond these descriptions to assert three propositions that are unproven and, fortunately, unlikely to be true:

1. The policies described above are inherent in democracy and inevitable, wherefore
2. The Republican Party cannot effectively oppose them, and
3. The bankruptcy of democracy—in both the political and economic sense—is unavoidable in the end, and will be followed by totalitarianism.

Now, Clio, the muse of history, is a very fickle girl, never known to go steady with any trend. If it is true that the only rational way to predict future historical developments is to extrapolate present trends, it is also true that such extrapolations have always turned out to be wrong. The wave of the future has usually turned out to be a ripple. History is full of surprises, and if we could predict them they would not be surprises.

Moreover, if anything can be learned from our attempts to predict, it is that nothing ever is unavoidable. Large-scale historical predictions are always wrong, unless they are too vacuous to be wrong. There are just too many var-

(Continues on page 347)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

On Hanging On to Scotland

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE IDEA that not only the British Empire but Britain itself should be broken up into its component parts, with Scotland and Wales handed over to nationalist regimes, would have seemed the wildest nightmare even a very few years ago. But the House of Commons has spent a great deal of time in the last few weeks debating a measure to bring that about —the devolution bill—and it was turned back, at least temporarily, last week only because 43 members of the Labor Party broke ranks to join Conservatives and Liberals in a parliamentary maneuver that has temporarily derailed the government's plan to force the bill through the House. It was a defeat that could in the end bring down James Callaghan's government if the disaffected Scottish Labor Members of Parliament—whose 41 votes are essential to the Labor majority—should defect. Or if even a sizable minority of them along with a number of the Welsh nationalists should defect.

Tartan Weirdies

The devolution bill was, in every sense, a monstrous bill; monstrous in size—its chief parliamentary manager admitted that he couldn't bring himself to read it in full—and monstrous in its confusion and its irrelevance to Britain's real needs and troubles. It is a bill which literally no one liked and in which no one honestly believed.

So how was this monstrosity born?

Welsh and Scottish Nationalists have existed as minor nuisances for a long time. The Welsh Nationalists, calling themselves "Plaid Cymru," refused to fill in forms, defaced signposts which were written in English, and even planted one or two bombs. Scottish Nationalists stole the historic Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey. But they were known to their fellow Scots as "tartan weirdies" and nobody took them seriously.

During the past decade, however, several significant factors changed. The deepest change was the general decline of Britain. When London was the capital of a great empire and the British government universally respected, when the British people were confident and prosperous, most Welshmen and Scotsmen were happy enough to be British as well. But to be misgoverned by the present gaggle of politicians at Westminster is certainly no privilege, and the Nationalists have been able to exploit this universally agreed fact by suggesting that Westminster government is bad, not so much because the politicians are bad, but because it comes from Westminster rather than from Cardiff or Edinburgh.

Since Wales and Scotland are heavily subsidized by the English taxpayer, the demand for independence used to seem totally unrealistic anyway: but the discovery of North Sea oil, most of which is piped ashore in Scotland, gave Scottish Nationalism a new feasibility—on the assumption that an independent Scotland could claim the oil revenues for itself. The British government has already mortgaged much of the oil money and has no intention of surrendering its share, and the oil will, in any case, not last for more than about twenty years: but the Nationalists—the Scot-Nats, as they're called—brush such difficulties aside. "Rich Scot, Poor Briton?" asked one of their election posters.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco
"How about 'Will Ye No Come Back Again?' as a question?"

The Nationalists, both Welsh and Scottish, began winning a few parliamentary seats. The press and television gave them huge publicity: and the Westminster politicians, Conservative and Labor alike, grew increasingly alarmed. Subsidies were lavished on totally uneconomic Clydeside shipyards, in the vain hope of appeasing Scottish discontent and warding off Scot-Nat propaganda. As a political remedy "devolution" became a fashionable word both in the press and in Parliament. Its meaning, like that of most fashionable words, was extremely vague, but it carried emotional overtones of "local democracy" as opposed to "remote government."

Placating the Scot-Nats

Merely because it was talked about so much, "devolution" for Scotland and Wales, in some form, started being treated as politically necessary and inevitable. Both Conservative and Labor Party leaders promised Scottish and Welsh voters to create separately elected "assemblies" in Scotland and Wales, without pausing to think how such assemblies would be constituted or what their powers should be in relation to Westminster.

Before anyone fully appreciated what was happening, Britain's two major political parties had hooked themselves on this ill-considered pledge. Their leaders believed that, if they retreated from it, the Scot-Nats would sweep forward and take many more parliamentary seats; which, in the precariously balanced state of British politics, neither party dared risk. The Labor government therefore proposed the devolution bill and the Conservatives officially opposed it in detail rather than in principle, although many individual members of both parties—including some Scottish and Welsh MPs —loathe, and are frightened of, the whole concept.

The bill itself offered the minimum which the government hoped might satisfy Nationalist (although not Plaid Cymru or Scot-Nat) feeling—assemblies with authority limited to such regional issues as the environment,

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culture, housing, and agricultural and industrial development, without revenue-raising powers but financed by a yearly block grant from Westminster. The Scot-Nats (Plaid Cymru are very much junior partners) accepted this bill purely and frankly because they believed they would dominate such an assembly and could use it as a springboard for independence.

A lot of Conservative and Labor MPs, and some commentators, fear that they may be right. Others vacillate, unsure whether separatist tendencies would be increased or diminished by eventual passage of a devolution bill.

Labor's Dilemma

Certainly the bill that now goes back for revision was pregnant with troubles and problems. Assemblies which can spend but not tax will have power without responsibility; they can claim the credit for welfare expenditures and for agricultural and industrial subsidies, but can always blame Westminster for not providing enough money. And how are clashes between them and the House of Commons to be resolved? Will there have to be, what Britain has never had, a written constitution and a Supreme Court to interpret it?

Far from bringing government closer to the people, devolution will breed a whole new tier of expensive bureaucrats, and of duplicated—or triplicated—committees and commissions; which will all have to be paid for, making worse two of Britain's major economic handicaps—the crushing weight of taxation and the steady drift from productive into governmental jobs.

If and when a devolution bill is passed, the government has reluctantly agreed that there should be some kind of referendum to see if most people really want it. But who should vote in such a referendum? Just Scotland and Wales, not including all the Scotsmen and Welshmen who live in England? Why should the English have no say in a proposed constitutional change which could lead to the break-up of the United Kingdom?

The inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, who have the best geographical claim to much of the North Sea oil, have already declared that they want no part of devolution: they would rather break away on their own than belong to a Scot-Nat Scotland. Their wishes have been ignored, so far. Also ignored, so far, is the entirely reasonable English claim that the disproportionately large number of Scottish and Welsh members of the House of Commons should be scaled down when the Scots and Welsh have their own assemblies.

Without those Scottish and Welsh seats, however, the Labor Party would never win an election. Without the temporary support of the Scot-Nat and Plaid Cymru MPs, the Labor Government could not survive in office now.

Understandably perhaps, most people in England have been very reluctant, until now, to spare much thought for what seemed to them merely frivolous or eccentric nationalist movements. Surely the British Isles were too small for such nonsense. Indeed, the English are bored with the subject still.

More surprisingly, sensible people in Scotland have been almost equally slow to appreciate the danger. Only now are the naturally conservative Highlanders, and the landowners, and the professional classes, waking up to the fact that they are threatened with domination from the slums of Glasgow and the Red Clyde.

Nobody really knows what the Scot-Nats stand for, except nationalism. They have been careful not to say: but there are indications enough.

"Here's an end to an auld sang," observed Lord Seafield, the Scottish Chancellor, as he signed the Act of Union in 1707. It is tempting to think that the old song has been revived, that the Scottish Nationalists are Jacobites in modern dress. But they are not. They are more Marxist than monarchist. They bear no more relation to Scotland's romantic past than Arab nationalists to noble Bedouin. And for anyone who cares about Britain, or indeed about Scotland, they are no longer a joke. □

How NASA Got Out of the Red

Although it was not generally known at the time, the unmanned touchdown on Mars was barely minutes old when a grim and no-nonsense NASA, determined not to become once again the laughing-stock of the country's free-enterprise system, as it had been with the moon landings, immediately began to prepare for the day when men would land on Mars.

Who will ever forget, then, the sight of the first manned Mars spacecraft, Peeping Tom I, sitting on the barren surface, its gleaming hull gaily decorated with decals and slogans—"Sludge Oil Goes a Long Way!" "Space-Out on Mars Bars!" "All the Way with TWA—Nightcoach 20 per cent Off!"

Then came the dramatic moment when the hatch opened and out stepped Captain Henry Littlefinger, followed by Sidney (Little Sid) Slink, Peeping Tom I's Business Manager. "That's one small step for man," said Little Sid in a phrase that was heard round the galaxy, "and a tremendous step toward balancing the federal budget."

Slink then quickly held up a box in front of the camera and said, "And now, friends, let's pause for this word from Klean, the soap that kept our astronauts' underwear whiter than white on their long journey to Mars."

After the commercial ($250,000 for a 60-second spot), the camera panned back to Captain Littlefinger, who had been hurriedly setting up a stand with a sign reading, "Original Littlefingers—Novelties & Souvenirs."

As the Captain pointed out samples of his wares, Little Sid began a running commentary: "Okay, folks, what we got for you here first—hold it up high for the folks at home, Henry—are these Mars rocks with Henry's own handprint on 'em. Only five grand each, and you've got yourself something you can really tell your grandchildren about.

"Next we got these fine triangular pennants, suitable for framing, that say 'MARS' on them, with Henry's own personal autograph below. At two grand each, they're a steal. Then over here, friends . . ."

By the time Little Sid finished selling the American flag pins, souvenir ash trays and dolls, and miniatures of Peeping Tom I, the flight netted the government a whopping profit of $31.2 billion—even after the astronauts' standard 10 per cent commission.

And by stepping up the Mars launches to three a week the following year, NASA became the only government agency, with the exception of the U.S. Mint, to make money.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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THE REAL KENYA

The Other Side of the Coin

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

WHEN EDITORIALIZING on the critical problems facing Rhodesia, Western journalists tend to display a startling insouciance about historical precedent. In an effort to allay the fears of white Rhodesians, they are increasingly drawing parallels to the peaceful transition of power in Kenya. An article by Michael Kaufman of the *New York Times*, "To Kenya Whites Rhodesian Fears Are Unfounded" (Oct. 24, 1976), is a classic of the genre. In glowing terms, Mr. Kaufman asserts that Kenya's multiracial policies benefit white and black alike in a booming economy ruled by an egalitarian and, by most standards, democratic political regime. Mr. Kaufman refers to whites and blacks, but the thousands of *Asian* Kenyans, he brushes off in one parenthetical comment.

He states that, when Kenya became independent, all residents were given the chance to become citizens, but some Europeans and many Asians declined. In fact, only a handful of Europeans applied (some 80 per cent of the farmers took advantage of Britain's Land Transfer Program, with sale proceeds paid abroad, and fled the country), whereas thousands of applications by Asians were not only never processed, but never opened. Subsequently, by means of the so-called Work Permit, tens of thousands of Europeans, Indians, Seychellois, and others, many of them Kenya-born, were forced to leave their country.

Apart from a handful of white citizens, the only Europeans allowed to work in Kenya today are professionals, executives, and technicians—highly skilled personnel who cannot be replaced by blacks or whose foreign firms would not otherwise remain in Kenya. There are of course also hordes of advisory whites imposing themselves on the Kenya population. These come from both Western and Communist countries and are paid by their respective governments. My own estimation of the white population in Kenya today would be fewer than 50,000, of whom less than one-quarter were there before independence.

Among the whites who are provisionally allowed to stay in Kenya are travel agents, guides, safari operators, and dealers in curios and trophies—but they are now required to take a "citizen" partner, who will own at least 51 per cent of the business. No wonder Mr. Kaufman is able to wax ecstatic about the number of "African partners" in Kenya today! Those whites not prescient enough to take the Land Transfer Program's money and run must now take a "partner" to stay.

Of arrests and deportations Mr. Kaufman seems quite oblivious: e.g., that of an American, James Skane, Managing Director of Esso Standard, deported because he had the temerity to call in a two-year-old, $70,000 account—owed by President Jomo Kenyatta. Or the notorious case of Peter Hill Beard, author and photographer, condemned to 18 months in jail and 12 strokes, for "mistreating" an African poacher. There have been innumerable deportations of Kenyan whites and non-whites for "security reasons," but journalists run special risks: Richard Kisch, a journalist representing *The Nationalist* and Tanganyika Broadcasting, deported for "misrepresenting" President Kenyatta's speech at Kisumu; Eric Marsden, editor, *East African Standard*; Alan Chester, department head, *East African Standard*; Michael Chester, editor, *Daily Nation*—all deported at a few hours' notice. So much for Mr. Kaufman's belief in a "press independent of government control."

The corporal punishment of colonial times, so loudly denounced by African nationalist leaders, is an everyday occurrence in Kenya: for the theft of four cigarettes, Nicholas Mzee of Kakamega was jailed for four years and given nine strokes; for the theft of a bedsheet, Mutende Wepoko was jailed for eight years and given 12 strokes; a man who stole a handkerchief worth a shilling was jailed for two years and given six strokes. And so the story goes.

A law enacted in 1973 prohibits the use of the title "President" for anyone other than His Excellency President Jomo Kenyatta. And criticizing the President is more dangerous yet. Kenya has more than her quota of informers and secret police. A non-resident would be deported within hours, and a citizen could well land up in a penal settlement. And a decree promulgated last October was announced with the headline: "Death Awaits Kenyans Who Talk about Kenyatta's End." Any Kenyan citizen who in the future talks or writes about the possible death or deposition of President Jomo Kenyatta will be subject to the death sentence.

The large and prosperous black middle class, described by Kaufman, lives mainly in Nairobi where blacks were able to take over going concerns for next to nothing, thanks to the Work Permit. But 90 per cent of Kenya's black population still lives in squalid poverty in the same African reserves designated in colonial times. The prosperous middle, cum wealthy, class in Nairobi will continue to grow, as Asian traders flee and as the business of government corruption soars.

SOME MONTHS ago, a probe was made into the holdings of "The Royal Family." The investigation was revealing, and quite naturally the four issues of the foreign paper that reported it were banned in Kenya and burned at Nairobi airport, although some copies found their way into the forbidden land. And then there was this item from the *New Scientist* dated May 22, 1975: "Although the Kenya government banned the private export of ivory last August, Margaret Kenyatta, mayor of Nairobi and the daughter of the President, has since then illicitly sent over six tons, worth $200,000, to People's China." Jon Tinker, who carried out this investigation, has been banned from Kenya.

This is hardly the idyllic situation Mr. Kaufman writes about, and the Kenyan model for a peaceful transition of power is consequently somewhat less comforting to Rhodesians on the scene than to Western journalists passing through. □

Mr. Thompson is a former African correspondent who is currently living in Australia.

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Modern Politics

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

THE LIMITED STATE is one of the glories of Western Civilization. The seed was planted when it was first decided to separate the church from the state, on the grounds that man's eternal destiny was beyond anything the state could offer. Later, the separation of state from society was added, under the slogan "*laissez faire, laissez aller*." These limitations took the form of certain immunities for corporate bodies as well as for individuals, and more limitations were added over the years. Thus we have traditionally acknowledged, besides the order of government, the order of the church, the order of universities, the order of private property, the order of literature and the arts, more recently the order of the market. But basically there was a dualism of political and non-political order, in which the non-political order was defended at first under the banner of vested rights and, later, under the banner of freedom.

Now that dualism is slowly breaking down. Under Communist rule, it has vanished entirely: the state has swallowed up society. The sole order allowed is that of the state, but even the state is not allowed its own order; rather, only the ideology-pervaded order of the Party is permitted. And the dualism is being eroded in non-Communist countries too. In the name of humanitarian goals, the state's bureaucratic machinery extends its regulatory, administrative, and managerial activities into more and more areas that traditionally were out of bounds for the government. We usually describe this process as a steady accretion of the power of the central government. Taking a second look, however, one notices that this modern state, for which I have proposed the name "mandarin state," has rather less than more real power for action. How can this be?

Do-Good and Ideology

Empirically speaking, two kinds of impulses seem to operate in the modern state. The first is a Stoic "do-goodism," more and more "programs," administrative complexes of do's and don'ts, funds granted and withheld, licenses issued and refused, conditions imposed or naggingly modified. The second is ideology—irrational idea-structures, chiefly utopian in character, providing visions of ultimate human emancipation from present and past evils and shortcomings.

The first of these impulses will build a vast web of bureaucratic presences in the lives of individuals, causing them to become inescapably dependent on administrators, financially, psychologically, and operationally. Society—an area in which individual activities were conditioned chiefly by each other, with the law providing only the rules of the game—has just about gone. Now administrative whims have superseded "the rules of the game." The parasite bureaucracy has come to stay. It seems to have the upper hand, with its monies, licenses, and penalties.

But lo! individuals seem to cling just as tenaciously to the state as the state to them. Governments find that they can neither extricate themselves from nor basically change their programs without catastrophic effects on millions of lives. The mandarin state may be a colossus, towering hugely over persons and private corporate bodies, which, by comparison, have dwindled to Lilliputian proportions; but that colossus is immobilized by thousands of tiny threads—its own programs—which in their aggregate prevent any significant movement. The immobility of modern government can be seen in the recent elections in Sweden, Germany, and the United States. The elections were all close. The campaigns all revolved around economic rather than political issues. In each case it made little difference whether or not the opposition came to power. A new administration, no matter what its intentions, could not help but continue in the deep ruts its predecessor had left behind. No basic change could be effected. The mandarin state, a giant in the sum total of its interferences, and a titan with regard to the money it collects and transfers, turns into a ridiculous dwarf with few options when it seeks to change direction.

Now for the other motivation: ideology. This is an irrational political passion, a quasi-religious movement toward some dream of untrammeled freedom, be it Communism's alleged future withering of the state, or a condition of total equality, or the delirium of national liberation. Ideology motivates "movements," as the Communists, Nazis, anarchists, Palestine liberationists, and others call themselves. The passions are quasi-religious but also quasi-political, since they know nothing of the limits of what is possible. They sweep away norms, institutions, and moral inhibitions, and can produce groups of totally dedicated persons capable of doing just about anything.

Loss of Nerve

Ideological movements and the states they are using are the enemies of the West. This is not to say that we don't have many ideologically motivated people in our own midst. But among us ideology has the opposite of its effect in the Communist bloc and the Third World. In the free world it manifests itself in a general discontent, a well-nigh total critique of the government and the nation, even some inclination to sell out to the country's enemies. This is an attitude found above all among the intellectual elite; one might call it "capitulationism." It stems chiefly from a sense of systemic guilt, a shame about one's own social existence. The result is a dislike of one's own country and government, and a corresponding desire that the country divest itself of its means and positions of power, or, preferably, not act at all. Gaetano Mosca had a name for it, "the loss of nerve." But the loss of nerve of the modern liberal elite has this new twist, that it confines itself to undermining the public use and display of physical force, which conveniently does not prevent the liberals from holding on to their personal positions of power in the bureaucracy, academic institutions, the media, the foundations, and the publishing houses. Thus ideology today is a source of energy to our enemies; but in the non-Communist countries it tends to erode the will to defend themselves, and each other, and their freedom, from Communist rule. □

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Leap of Faith

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

OUR YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, Andrea Seton Kirk, invincibly cheerful, is 16 months old now, toddling about Piety Hill under the affectionate eyes of three sisters—and of six Vietnamese children. Andrea's future playmate, now eight months old, is an American citizen of Vietnamese parentage, Michael. For, with our sponsorship, there have settled in our village of Mecosta Captain Nguyen Tan An (generally known as Mr. An, though that's a first name, really); his wife, Hanh; seven children (counting tiny Michael, born in this country); and a grown nephew, Huong. The two elder daughters, Nguyet and Suong, extremely bright and pretty girls, are enrolled in our local public high school; the other daughters, Tuyet, Loan, and Phuong, and a son, Oanh, are, or soon will be, enrolled with the Kirk children in the parish elementary school.

The Vietnamese girls teach our daughters all sorts of things: arts and crafts, manners, piety. In mathematics and the sciences, the Vietnamese stand at the head of their classes, despite language handicaps. Psychologically and intellectually, they are far in advance of their American classmates. And this is true generally of young Vietnamese refugees enrolled in American schools, according to what surveys have been made.

True, people who escape from catastrophe or servitude generally are superior individuals; that was true of black slaves who escaped to the free states before the Civil War. Our own Vietnamese family, devout Christians, fled three times before the Communists until at last they had to take ship to America. All his adult life, Nguyen Tan An was a soldier, defending hamlets against Communist guerrillas. Now he tends dishwashing machines; he would like to drive a truck.

They never lived beyond sound of artillery fire, these Vietnamese children, until they left their country forever. But they were well reared by their parents, and well schooled at a Catholic school (where they studied English and French, diligently, as well as Vietnamese). And they, like their parents, know what freedom is worth, and have paid for it—even the price of lifelong exile. They have been spared, so far, the corruptions of the affluent, indolent, permissive society. Their wits are not dulled by television, their talents are not atrophied by the degradation of the democratic dogma, their manners are not sullied by juvenile insolence. They take it for granted that one works hard in order to survive.

WHAT MARVELOUS intimates for our little daughters! The An children and the Kirk children will grow up together, for Captain An and his wife mean to be our neighbors forever and a day. The An children will play at our house, read our books, go to films and concerts with our children. They will take the bus to school with the Kirk sisters, sit near them in class, worship with them in church. Providence has sent them to us, and we're not unmindful of that.

Suppose that American families had fled from death, imprisonment, or slavery in the United States to distant sanctuary in Southeast Asia: how many Americans could have leaped across that immense gap in culture, environment, status? Our Vietnamese have done it, parents and children, because they accept the will of God, uncomplaining; and because they are strong in character and in mind.

Our tiny Andrea Seton Kirk will grow up taking them for granted; we trust that she will partake of their virtues by a kind of osmosis. Already our Monica, Cecilia, and Felicia—nine, eight, and six years old—have been strongly influenced by the artistic ingenuity, the modesty, and the politeness of their new friends. Our children have something to give in return: they have taught the Vietnamese children how to build igloos from the snows of Mecosta, thus making them the first Vietnamese igloo architects.

Our Vietnamese never were wealthy or powerful: they were ordinary decent folk flung about by a hideous social explosion. They abided resolutely by the commandment that a Christian must not adore false gods. That heroic truth, too, our children may learn from them. With only one wage-earner in a household of ten, with formidable fuel bills (which they had never paid before) and formidable grocery bills, they accept no "welfare" from public funds. They have no compatriots nearer than the county seat, 17 miles distant, and very few there; they do not complain; Captain An prudently chooses not to settle in some little Vietnamese urban ghetto.

They all came to our New Year's Eve party, along with a score of members of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, who had gathered at Piety Hill for a seminar. With us they rang the Old Year out and the New Year in. They must have thought of their relatives and friends who did not escape Leviathan: some put to death, others in concentration camps, many condemned to lifelong oppression and persecution because of their faith. Of all those they receive no word. This, too, they accept with Christian resignation, knowing that at the end of all things divine justice will prevail.

In Anno Domini 1984, our little Andrea will be nine years old. Will there be a Christian school for her to attend by that year? Will liberty under law still prevail in this country? Indeed, will the house of Piety Hill be standing then? Time was when such vaticinations as these would have seemed absurd. Four decades ago, they would have seemed equally absurd in Budapest, Warsaw, Dresden, Havana, Saigon, Hanoi.

But "still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,/An humble and a contrite heart." The gift of that sacrifice our Vietnamese bring to us, and it is Andrea's to know. □

Mr. Kirk is currently working on "a Gothick romance with ethical symbolism," That Archaic Smile. *And Arkham House will publish in the fall a new collection of his ghostly tales, under the title* The Princess of All Lands.

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Books Arts & Manners

On the Screen: Joe McCarthyoid

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Even some outspoken anti-McCarthyites have pounced on NBC's recent "docu-drama," *Tail Gunner Joe*. James Wechsler, who faced McCarthy as a hostile witness in 1953, scores the show for portraying McCarthy as accusing his 1946 Senate race opponent, Robert La Follette Jr., of being a Communist sympathizer. In fact, as Wechsler notes, the Wisconsin Communists hated La Follette and gave their support to McCarthy—who openly accepted it on grounds that Communists "have the same right to vote as anyone else." But apart from the facts, and this docu-drama *stays* pretty much apart from the facts, there is an implicit collision with another scene in the film itself: the one representing McCarthy as getting his anti-Communist brainstorm from a sinister-looking priest late in 1949.

The film abounds in such inventions, or what Norman Mailer has named "factoids": purely hypothetical "facts" commended only by their congruence with the author's pet thesis. Since the story is told in flashbacks, *Citizen Kane*-style, it is necessary to supply what I guess we must call characteroids—non-existent people who recall what a rascal old Joe was when *they* knew him. Thus the docu-drama claims both historical authority and poetic license.

The vehicle of the story is a fiercely idealistic young girl reporter's desire to understand why it happened, how it *could* happen, in America. She questions old Wisconsin farmers, wartime pals, victims of McCarthy's brief career as a shyster lawyer, veteran Washington reporters, and survivors of the Terror itself. Gradually she discovers that he was a drunk, a crook, a liar, a demagogue, a psychotic, and a despoiler of why we didn't take out our frustrations on the krauts and Japs). And then too there was a climate of fear—Alger Hiss had just been "thrown" into jail, and we had the Rosenberg case, and there "seemed to be spies everywhere." The scriptwriters have evidently been reading Garry Wills's introduction to *Scoundrel Time* (though Wills himself has denounced the show for numerous distortions, including a traduction of Richard Nixon).

We first see Joe as a young chicken farmer whose truck overturns, spilling hens all over the place. Whereupon he at once chucks the whole business, truck and all, by simply walking away. This appears to be Joe's first and last brush with an honest living. How a young man with so little tenacity could later make it through law school, even if he was resolved to be a *crooked* lawyer, is not accounted for. (Factoids should at least possess internal coherence.) The prosaic truth, by the way, is that McCarthy was a hard worker, and his chicken business failed when he fell ill and a hired hand let most of his hens freeze to death.

palm trees. But first, a historian gives her a little historical perspective. A war had just ended, and "maybe we needed an enemy" (he doesn't explain

To this day it is unclear just how many Communists he said infested the State Department. That does not inhibit *Tail Gunner Joe*. We are allowed to

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see him planning the famous Wheeling speech and coming to the little detail of numbers. "Should I say 205 or 206?" he muses. "Which sounds better?" (Scene at NBC: Two scriptwriters are preparing a hatchet job on Joe McCarthy. "Shall we make him say there were 57, 81, or 205 Communists in State? Which sounds worse?" That's *my* factoid.)

Even where McCarthy was clearly in the wrong, *Tail Gunner Joe* embellishes facts favorable to its message. One of the people McCarthy did in fact smear was Drew Pearson, whom he called (*inter alia*) a "Moscow-directed character assassin." Moscow-directed he was not, but he was a mighty rough customer, aggressive and often vile, whom nobody would mistake for a toastmaster. Yet *Tail Gunner Joe* presents him as a gentleman-journalist who is inexplicably attacked by McCarthy and whose first reaction is concern for others: "Who will be next?" he mutters, shaking his head, troubled for the future of polemical civility.

"Why didn't someone try to *stop* him?" asks the girl reporter, between the horrendous flashbacks. "Actually," says a grizzled veteran of the press, "someone did try—a woman." Cut to Margaret Chase Smith, denouncing wild accusations and scare tactics. No hint that there was other tough and vociferous opposition to McCarthy in the Senate, the press, the academy—let alone that he was hit with plenty of mud himself, like a persistent insinuation that he and his aides were homosexual.

YET HERE again the docu-drama lets its own cat out of the bag. It takes straight from the transcript Joseph Welch's howler about the "fairy"—delivered moments before Welch immortalized himself as the St. George of the era by questioning, at long last, McCarthy's "decency." No invention here, and certainly no irony. The allusion to the slur on McCarthy, Cohn, and Schine is treated as good clean fun.

Nor is the film averse to a little guilt-by-association. McCarthy is repeatedly linked to Nixon, personally and symbolically, as when he brags about his new voice-activated tape recorder. His Catholicism is briefly but pointedly touched on. There are similarly pointed mentions of Nazism and bookburning, and one of his office girls uses the expression "jew him down." Get it? Handy, those factoids.

At the very end, two characters reflect on the meaning of it all. "It could happen again," warns one. Replies the other: "Hasn't it already?" Funny we didn't notice it. How fitting that this docu-drama's ultimate contribution to revisionist pseudo-history should be a Terroroid. □

THE PALLISERS

WHIT STILLMAN

In the as yet unwritten annals of American television history, 1976 will be recorded as the year in which the novel came to the home screen in serial form in a big way. Fictional works by such popular authors as Irwin Shaw, Arthur Hailey, Taylor Caldwell, and Anton Myrer were so brought to viewers and—importantly for commercial television—more than paid their way. 1977 began with an independent and more immediately pleasing development, namely the PBS debut of *The Pallisers*, a 22-part BBC version of Anthony Trollope's six parliamentary novels. (The first episode, on January 31, was ninety minutes long; the rest will be an hour.)

The Pallisers is about the Pallisers, and perhaps that's as it should be. The setting is Britain from the early 1860s through the late 1870s. Plantagenet Palliser, played by Philip Latham, is a future Duke and a Liberal Member of Parliament keen, to a comical degree, on currency reform. Lady Glencora M'Cluskie—played by Susan Hampshire, the lovely Fleur of *The Forsyte Saga*, and so, from the start, more glamorous than the Trollope original—is a wealthy heiress in peril of losing her hand and fortune to rakish Burgo Fitzgerald—until her aunts and Plantagenet's uncle, the Duke of Omnium, decide to intervene. The story of the resulting Palliser marriage provides the series with its narrative engine, which carries along a rich cargo of sub-plots—political, romantic, and villainous, or all three together. Watching the series is like visiting in paradise.

The story's pastry-like quality is provided by Trollope. He had the ability to blend comedy and serious storytelling so that his readers are at once amused and pulled forward. Of all his novels, Trollope rated the parliamentary sequence the most highly. "I look," he wrote in his autobiography, "upon this string of characters"—the Duke of Omnium, Plantagenet Palliser, and Lady Glencora—"as the best work of my life." But, he asked, "who will read *Can You Forgive Her?*, *Phineas Finn*, *Phineas Redux*, and *The Prime Minister* consecutively, in order that they may understand [them]?" That these novels and the two related ones, *The Eustace Diamonds* and *The Duke's Children*, are not widely read, in or out of sequence, should somewhat excuse the serial's producers for tampering with the classics they advertise.

CHIEF TAMPERER is Simon Raven, who wrote the entire script for the series—an almost inconceivable liberty by the terms of American television and, by any terms, an unusually tall order. Raven is an expert writer of degenerate fiction (*Alms for Oblivion* is the title of his own parliamentary novel sequence) and a frequent contributor to British periodicals such as *The Spectator*. In *The Pallisers* he rearranges some events to fit the grand design and invents others—such as the introductory garden party—as needed, but mainly he concentrates on converting the written dialogue into dramatic form. Some of the Victorian flavor has been lost in the conversion, but it has not been entirely scrambled, as it would have been in Hollywood hands. Credit for the production's visual beauty and general performing excellence can probably be taken by directors Hugh David and Ronald Wilson, each of whom directed one of the Lord Peter Wimsey serials—*Clouds of Witness* and *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, respectively. These adaptations were popular with everyone but Dorothy Sayers fans, a pattern which might be inevitable. Book readers are so snooty.

The present 22-part *The Pallisers*, aired by most PBS stations at 9 P.M. Mondays, is three and a half hours shorter than the version originally shown in Britain in 1974 and on Home Box Office (the pay cable service) in 1975-76, which was composed of 26 parts, each an hour long. The British television reviewers, who must be spoiled, criticized the series for being too slow-moving, so it was re-edited in shorter form for the second British run.

The Pallisers contrasts with *Upstairs*,

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Downstairs in being more of a whole and less episodic. Perhaps some of the popularity of the Bellamy saga lies in its close resemblance to American television, with its weekly problems posed and then neatly resolved. It is easier to watch this kind of television and certainly it is less important to keep up with the installments; but from this unnatural progression the overall story suffers. In *The Pallisers*, great use is made of the serial format. "To carry out my scheme," Trollope wrote in his autobiography, "I have had to spread my picture over so wide a canvas that I cannot expect that any lover of such art should trouble himself to look at it as a whole." A virtue of television is that it can readily accommodate wide canvases. In the 22½-hour span of *The Pallisers*—which span might better have been expanded than truncated—Lady Glencora is first a giddy maiden, then a young wife about to desert Plantagenet for romantic Burgo, next a schemer on behalf of the husband she had almost left; and finally, after years of happy marriage, the shadow of its unhappy start reappears in her insistence that Plantagenet not interfere in their children's marriages. That is called character development.

The Trollope series also differs from *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Beacon Hill* in portraying an historical period (mid-Victorian, in this case) through its own literature rather than through retrospective fabrications, typically preoccupied with bedroom themes and the dressing-up of contemporary social issues in old-fashioned costumes. The classic serials have a richer, more authentic texture than those with stories set in, but not written in, the past. In *The Pallisers*, instead of the villains some contemporary television writer might have conjured up (cartoonish right-wingers are a favorite), we get Messrs. Lopez, Bonteen, Emilius, Slide, Fitzgerald, and Vavasor: perhaps stock figures for Victorians, but new to us. Even their sins have a fresh quality. Burgo and George are guilty of running it out and letting passions rule as well as of fortune hunting, with which we are still familiar.

So *The Pallisers* accomplishes what previously seemed impossible: a television portrayal of the Victorian Era—when civilization reached its apex—in which the usual jealous ridicule is kept to a minimum. It is, in short, a classic serial. □

SPIRO REDUX

DAVID BRUDNOY

A small group of men, numbering perhaps no more than a dozen, decide what forty to fifty million Americans will learn of the day's events in the nation and the world. . . . To a man . . . they draw their political and social views from the same sources. Worse, they talk constantly to one another, thereby providing artificial reinforcement to their shared viewpoints.
Spiro Agnew, *the* speech,
Des Moines, 1969

I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take this any more!
Howard Beale (Peter Finch),
Network, 1976

Beale, the TV anchorman with falling ratings, given two weeks' notice by his employers, goes nuts on the air, fed up with the "bullshit" he admits he and the news program have been dropping on America for years. Beale, who sees clearly (but, as all us showbiz types must, recognizes a good routine when he thinks it up), urges Americans to race to their windows and shout the "mad as hell" number, which Americans dutifully do. After Faye Dunaway, as the bloodless producer, determines that they're yelling, yes indeed, in Los Angeles, not to mention Houston, she packages Beale as the Mad Prophet of the Airwaves, and *Network* is off and sliding to its idiotic climax.

Spiro Agnew was right—"a man ahead of his time," as Richard Reeves admits in *New York* (December 20, 1976): right to land on the mass media, especially the tube, as the dispenser of certain selected "truths," as the formulator of America's views neatly packaged as news. Reeves, no friend of the former Vice President then or now, quoted Agnew's words as "essentially true—they should be talked about," and evidently he's recently discovered that whatever the source of that tough talk eight years ago, serious persons in this country are now questioning the press as never before. Reeves's surprising piece pulled the cover off the media honchos who think their role is to strip everybody else of his privacy but who seclude themselves from just such treatment as that to which they enjoy subjecting the rest of the world. "Who is Katharine Graham [publisher of the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek*] to declare that she has imposed a two-year 'moratorium' on interviews?" Reeves asks; and why (I ask) doesn't Walter Cronkite, most trusted man in America, sit down before the cameras and hostile reporters to have his premises checked, as Ayn Rand would put it?

AMERICA MAY not yet be mad as hell and resolved not to take it any more, but Americans are at least questioning the media's pretensions. Kevin Phillips (a *TV Guide* "News Watch" columnist) isn't alone with his fellow right-of-center "News Watch" writers, Accuracy in Media watch-dogs, and worldly-wise college students in doubting the press. Jimmy Carter on the campaign trail told *Playboy*: "The national news media have absolutely no interest in issues *at all*. . . . What they're looking for is a 47-second argument between me and another candidate or something like that. There's nobody in the back of this [campaign] plane who would ask an issue question unless he thought he could trick me into some crazy statement."

And so Hollywood, infallibly honest, maker of the quality goods, rushes *Network* to the screen, and before anyone's even seen the damn thing it has inspired tens of millions of media-wary sharpies to pray that it'll shoot the works and tell it—you'll pardon the expression—like it is. *Everybody's* ticked off at the media (except the media moguls), and from all sides, Left now as well as Right, the accusations fly, the denunciations spill over into the columns even of trendy *New York* magazine: everybody hopes (or at least

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE MARCH TITLES: Robert Penn Warren publishes a new novel called *A Place to Come To* (Random House, $10). . . . The subject of *The Master of Sunnybank: A Biography of Albert Payson Terhune* (Harper, $10.95), by Irving Litvag, was a famous writer of dog stories who made a persuasive case for the notion that collies are a more noble breed than *homo saps*. . . . Harry Rositzke's *The CIA's Secret Operations: Espionage, Counter-Espionage, and Covert Action* (Reader's Digest Press, $12.95) is a sympathetic treatment of the agency by a man who was its agent for 25 years, during which time he was engaged in numerous anti-Soviet assignments. . . . Lawrence A. Cremin traces various aspects in the history of our native pedagogy in *Traditions of American Education* (Basic, $8.95). . . . Nat Hentoff's new opus is *Does Anybody Give a Damn?* (Knopf, $8.95). He encourages you to address those damns to the New York City school system. . . . *Falconer* (Knopf, $7.95), by John Cheever, is a novel about an upper-middle-class man who is sent to prison and wins his salvation. . . . In *Injustice for All: How Our Adversary System of Law Victimizes Us and Subverts True Justice* (Putnam, $8.95), Anne Strick traces the evolution and malevolent effect of what she calls "the adversary ethic" that has produced our "win system" of law and perverted our high judicial intentions. "A must for everyone who must live by laws—and that means YOU!"—Abigail (Dear Abby) Van Buren. . . . C. A. Doxiadis has written a book called *Building Entopia* (Norton, $14.95): "Gradually, people living in the proper city will become more humane, they will have higher quality, and more choices, and this will help them to fight for freedom, honesty, and everything else that developed and civilized people need. Anatomy is indeed destiny. Let us ameliorate the anatomy of our city and our destiny will be a much better one." Perhaps it will even include people who can think—and write. . . . Patrick Moore's *New Guide to the Moon* (Norton, $10.95) offers moonies answers to everything they ever thought of asking.

■ LADIES' DEPARTMENT: In researching *Pink Collar Workers: Inside the World of Women's Work* (Putnam, $8.95), Louise Kapp Howe—who is concerned over the fact that most women in the labor force continue to work at the inferior jobs to which they have historically been relegated—took a job as a sales clerk in a department store, an experience that turned out to be "one of the richest." But she shied away from the "difficult and confusing job" of waitressing on the grounds that she was not up to its challenges. So she took up one of the most grubby and unpleasant occupations known to Man. She wrote a book.

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hoped) that *Network*, Paddy Chayevsky's latest savagely biting script as its basis, would stick the shiv into TV as TV so joyously sticks it into anyone who dares get in its way. Agnew's gone but Agnewism lives, thank the Lord.

But *Network*'s dead, a manic script flat on its farce, a hyper directorial job (courtesy Sidney Lumet) gone up in acrid fumes, an actor's dream degenerated to a ham's nightmare. As *The Front* failed on all counts to give the true story, even from the "victims'" perspective, of the TV "witch-hunts" of the Fifties (though the heirs of the fellow-travelers tried, how they tried, to like it), so *Network* shot its bolt—way past satire, past parody, straight into nonsense. It doesn't destroy TV; it doesn't *expose* TV; it apes Monty Python.

Parody burlesques something serious, it makes satirical sport of what the world takes soberly. *Saturday Night Live* parodies TV; hell, TV often parodies TV—what else is Tom Snyder but a pushy parody of Dick Cavett, who is (was) himself an Ivy-Leagueish parody of Johnny Carson–Merv Griffin–Mike Douglas? But *Network*'s got it all wrong, and only people who completely misunderstand what it is that motivates the business of television could find it even faintly plausible.

Sure, *Network* boasts some fine performances: Bill Holden as the washed-up producer, oozing Integrity; Ned Beatty (one of our finest character actors) as a larger-than-life corporate bigwig; Robert Duvall as the total

medium man willing to do anything for a jump in the ratings; Finch, in spots, reciting those occasionally brilliant monologues of Chayevsky's. Dunaway's a disaster; she's always a disaster. But she's not what's wrong with *Network*, a film that will accept TV's willingness to capitalize on, say, left-wing radicals (deliciously presented here in a wonderfully close take-off of Angela Davis, hot to make a buck for The Movement or at least for herself), without realizing that even TV has its limits—among them murder on the air for the sake of the show.

LOOK: NETWORK TV plays it safe, not wild. That's the whole point. ABC's hiring of Barbara Walters for the evening news—is that adventuresome? She was queen of *Today*, and the ABC News had been a basket case; what had they to lose by trying to eke the ratings up by one point (worth $2 million in advertising revenue) as a trade for her $1-million-per-year salary? That's how "wild" TV news is. *Network* might have worked had it been called *Affiliate*: there are some local stations that specialize in leading off the evening news with juicy stories of dismembered organs found sliced off by passing trolleys; there are local stations (like mine) that toyed for a while with a young, bearded weatherman perceived as "flaky," in preference to a 45-year-old veteran meteorologist; there are local affiliate stations that routinely put on asinine ad campaigns inadvertently picturing their anchormen as lovers—all this to boost the sacred rating, which draws in the holy dollar, which spells success even in River City.

But network TV goes the other way. Network TV brings back Brinkley, who's wry but solid; network TV fabricates no "Mad Prophet" but dangles the Delphic oracle, Mr. Sevareid, before us, to pontificate with the most predictable liberal Establishment sermonettes; network TV reads the demographic charts and realizes that America's growing older, reads the opinion polls and recognizes that America's moving slightly rightward, reads the Nielsen and Arbitron ratings books and copy-cats, reads those same ratings books and dreams a thousand dreams of *Roots* look-alikes. Which is why *Network* fails thematically: it bears absolutely no relation to real network TV and so it parodies only a fantasy. □

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SWELL LETTERS

Memoirs
By Pablo Neruda, Translated by Hardie St. Martin
Farrar, Straus, 371 pp., $11.95

A GREAT BAD MAN

SELDEN RODMAN

Long before he won the Nobel Prize for poetry and ran for president of Chile on the Communist ticket, Pablo Neruda had been called by someone "that great bad poet." The remark could have pointed to the contradiction between Neruda's passion for freedom and his inflexibly authoritarian politics, or to the character of the poetry itself: on the one hand inflated with rhetoric and Marxist clichés, on the other so firmly rooted in a people and a place that it could (and did) reach millions of people otherwise impervious to an art long since usurped by aesthetic aristocrats and snobs.

The *Memoirs*—seemingly assembled from autobiographical bits and pieces written over the years and a few furious paragraphs added after the overthrow of his friend Salvador Allende, whose fiery death in the Presidential Palace in Santiago preceded by a few days the poet's own death there from cancer—bespeak the same contradictions. The political passages are invariably misleading, self-serving, and couched in such a way as to make the Communist Party's motives (and Neruda's own) appear humane and noble. When the Party fails in Spain it is because of the machinations of Germany, Italy, France, England, the United States, the local Trotskyists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, and democrats. When it fails in Chile, it is because of the "reactionary" negotiations of the Christian-Democratic President Eduardo Frei to pay the expropriated copper companies; and, later, because the Communist coalition backing Allende—whose skyrocketing inflation and illegal land seizures are never mentioned—was defeated by the CIA's "savage campaign of terror" and by Nixon, whose role Neruda equates with Hitler's. Fidel Castro and Che Guevara are fulsomely praised, though the Cuban Party receives a gentle slap on the wrist for having attacked the poet for playing the "imperialist game" by receiving degrees and the adulation of "capitalist audiences" during his triumphal receptions in England and the United States. Stalin, to whom Neruda addressed a flattering ode, receives a note of mild regret for having yielded (unlike Lenin!) to the authoritarian "cult of personality." His millions of victims, of course, receive no mention at all, nor do any of the great poets, like Mandelstam, or the novelists, like Solzhenitsyn, who met death or exile for refusing to conform. Party apologists like Aragon, Eluard, Hikmet, and Ehrenburg are hailed as the greatest poets of the century; Neruda's Chilean arch-rival, Nicanor Parra, does not appear, even in a footnote. Such shameful events as the Nazi-Soviet pact, which touched off World War II, and the subsequent invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia are passed over in silence.

STALIN, described indulgently by Neruda as "a good-natured man of principle, as sober as a hermit, a titanic defender of the Russian Revolution," was opposed throughout the world, in the poet's view, by the CIA and its (*sic*) "five million agents." While I was staying with Neruda at Isla Negra in 1969, I became a minor victim of this conspiratorial fantasy. The poet received a cable from his Party in Poland informing him that he was harboring in his home "an agent" of the infamous American agency. I discovered later that the basis for this lie was a book printed in Russia listing every person who served in the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. I explained the falsehood but our friendship was never the same. How many other friends of the great poet fell victim to this McCarthy-like web of innuendo in which Neruda the Communist floundered, I have no way of knowing.

For he was (and is) a great poet—perhaps the greatest of his age—and therein lies the contradiction, and the tragedy. The early love poems were great. And the surrealist poems of his young manhood, written in the Orient, were greater still. But greatest of all were the poems of his mature years—written in Spain, Mexico, and Chile when he had become a Communist—combining as they did his impassioned love for the land and the people with his zeal for social justice through rebellion. Very few of these later poems, in the collections *Canto General*, *Odas Elementales*, *Estravagario*, etc. are marred by the specific preoccupations of Neruda the Party loyalist and propagandist. And they are unique in reaching—without aesthetic compromise or "writing down"—a literate audience of non-intellectual poetry lovers running into the millions, something that even Neruda's idol and model Walt Whitman had never quite managed to accomplish. What other poet could truthfully say:

> I have attained a greater prize, one that some people may deride, but not many can attain . . . to become the poet of my people. That is my reward, not the books and the poems that have been translated, or the books written to explicate or to dissect my words. My reward is the momentous occasion when, from the depths of the Lota coal mine, a man came up out of the tunnel into the full sunlight on the fiery nitrate field, as if rising out of hell, his face disfigured by his terrible work, his eyes inflamed by the dust, and stretching his rough hand out to me, a hand whose calluses and lines trace the map of the pampas, he said to me, his eyes shining: "I have known you for a long time, my brother." That is the laurel crown for my poetry, that opening in the bleak pampa from which a worker emerges who has been told often by the wind and the night and the stars of Chile: "You're not alone; there's a poet whose thoughts are with you in your suffering."

Neruda began by rejecting the cut-and-dried formula of the poet who torments himself and dies suffering, condemned to the hospital, the hovel,

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and the morgue. "That made everyone happy: everybody had a good time and few tears were shed. The unhappy writer, the crucified writer are part of the ritual of happiness in the twilight of capitalism. . . . We poets suddenly led the rebellion toward joy." He rejected alike the concept of the poet as realist-rationalist and the poet so irrational he can be understood only by himself and his beloved. "I don't believe in originality . . . I believe in guided spontaneity . . . I have tried to prove that the poet can write about any subject, about something needed by the community as a whole."

No one could read the *Memoirs* and find out anything about Neruda's private life or what really motivated his poetry and his politics. His first wife is mentioned only in a perfunctory paragraph quoted from an official biography. His only child receives no mention at all. His second wife is disposed of in two sentences. His third and last wife, Matilde, fares better, and deservedly so, but emerges from the book with no personality of her own, only as his final inspiration. There are some revealing glimpses of the poet's childhood in Parral and Temuco, but as he emerges into fame he becomes more and more the public figure, dispensing encomia and malice as he sees fit, passing over whatever might detract from his nobility and omniscience, with only rarely a phrase like "We never learn enough about humility" to soften the rhetoric.

Some of the descriptions of places—India, China, Mexico especially—are brilliant, but it is Chile that emerges most clearly with lights and shadows. Chile, he says somewhere, gives him his only roots, his maternal sustenance, and when he writes about it, as in the following description of a lumberyard, his prose swells into poetry:

> Every five or ten minutes the ground shuddered like a drum in the dark at the hard impact of crashing rauli, mañiu, and larch, giant works of nature seeded there by the wind a thousand years before. The metallic sound of the saw, grating and high-pitched like a savage violin, following the obscure drum of the earth welcoming its gods, created the tense atmosphere of a legend, a ring of mystery and cosmic terror. The forest was dying. I heard its lamentations with a heavy heart, as if I had come there to listen to the oldest voices anyone had ever heard. □

A Dream Journey
By James Hanley
Horizon Press, 368 pp., $9.95

WASTED SOULS

RONALD DE FEO

The title of James Hanley's strong, affecting new novel is nicely suggestive, as it refers to the dream-like passage through life of Clem Stevens, Hanley's ever-struggling London artist, and of Lena, Clem's thoroughly devoted mistress. They have spent years together, but their lives have not progressed to any appreciable extent. They are in much the same position now as when they first began their relationship, though by this time they have almost abandoned all hope for better days to come. Clem continues to paint but fails to grow as an artist, and Lena continues to dedicate herself to him as he pursues his absurd dream in his "dream room." The years have passed so uneventfully, with such an acute degree of sameness and ritual, that frequently neither Lena nor Clem can believe that so much time has elapsed and that they have grown so old. They find themselves inexplicably, as if in a dream, nearing the end of their lives.

This is a grim story indeed, told without sentiment (though not without feeling or affection), and in the hands of a lesser writer it might easily have become dreary and tedious. But Hanley, who has been producing consistently fine novels for many years (and yet has remained one of the most underrated of contemporary British authors), is a master at involving the reader in the lives of ordinary, wasted souls. He makes their struggle for survival, their battle against a sad, inevitable fate, most important to us. Though they may exist in a dark, desperate world quite foreign from our own, the problems they face and the traps in which they find themselves are not unlike those we have experienced.

In this novel, Hanley concentrates very much on the rituals of the defeated, describing Lena and Clem's activities as they journey through still more futile days, as they go through the motions of living. Since they cannot bring themselves to escape their situation or even alter it somewhat, they move about mechanically, repeating actions of the past. Clem locks himself in his little studio, tries to find the inspiration that has long since vanished (if it ever existed in the first place), and inevitably turns to the bottle to alleviate his frustration. Lena takes a periodic shopping trip, moving through the streets in a semi-trance, maintaining a distance from the people around her. Hanley beautifully conveys how bound she is to Clem, the past, and the routine of her existence. At one point, he tells us that she is pleased to find the same bus driver and conductor she has ridden with before and to find her favorite seat unoccupied. At another, he indicates how her thoughts keep shifting to Clem. "Periodically she halted, to stare into a shop window, and once she turned to look back, an expression of concern, as if she had got an echo of the scraping sound that broke the new day. And thought of the room where he worked, and the locked door, seeing him bent to his subject, wondering, hoping again."

In this, the first part of the novel, Hanley manages the tricky business of

On Re-reading W. H. Auden's "Collected Longer Poems" & "Collected Shorter Poems"

There lurked more than a little bawd in
The *Weltansicht* of Wystan Auden.
Never content to be a Spender,
He minted his own legal tender,
Splurging the silver in quick rhyme,
In limericks and wasted time.
He overflowed Bloomsbury's flats,
Found little joy in Eliot's cats,
Sniffed once at death in tortured Spain,
Then wiped his hands of Marxist stain.
America was more his measure,
Quick in its anger and its pleasure,
Broad in its humor, more adoring,
Less apt to scorn poetic whoring.
Slapping out verses, little more,
As if perfection were a bore,
He left this world, his life deriding,
In full sail, like a tall ship, riding.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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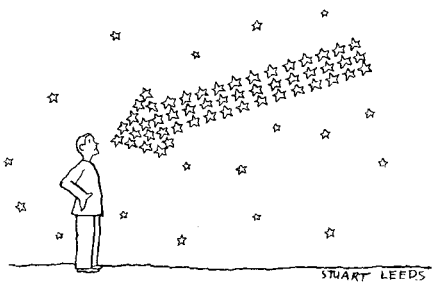
tracing rituals and routines and repeatedly striking a single, mournful note without boring the reader. In fact, we are very curious about the two characters he has created and wish to know more about them. Though Hanley has captured Lena and Clem's essence and has recorded their dilemma, he has been vague about their individual histories. We would particularly welcome some information concerning Clem's background in art and a clearer idea of the artistic goal he has been struggling



to achieve. Unfortunately, however, the author strays from these two characters just when we are most interested in them. For in the next part of the novel, Hanley flashes back to a period during the London blitz and spends more time focusing on the tenants in Clem and Lena's building than he does on Clem and Lena. At least for this reader, the lengthy and abrupt shift is inexplicable, and the novel never fully recovers from it. Although Hanley employed a somewhat similar technique in his previous novel, *A Woman in the Sky*, where he sets various characters to discussing the main characters, that book was structured differently, more tightly, and the author did not lose sight of his protagonists for long. Here, however, Clem and Lena are off-stage for just too long. Perhaps one can argue that Hanley is trying to illuminate the various lives Clem and Lena have touched, but we are still not convinced that whole scenes devoted to minor characters are necessary.

It is unfortunate that *A Dream Journey* takes a wrong turn, for the first part of the book and the concluding section—which is painfully moving—work brilliantly. As is usual with any Hanley novel, this one is written in an economical, unpretentious, and yet very flexible prose. Hanley's humanity and concern are in evidence throughout, and though his vision of life is terribly dark, we somehow feel stronger for having shared his uncompromising perspective. □

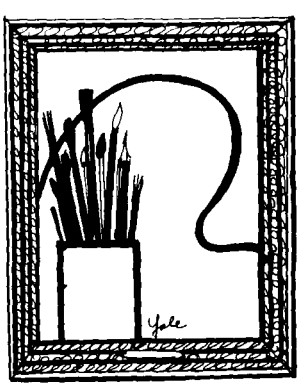
BEAUX ARTS

POP! GOES THE SICKLE

RUTH BERENSON

One of the more interesting phenomena of the New York art scene this winter has been the re-emergence of three artists whose names are associated with the Pop Art explosion of the 1960s, but who now seem to be headed, at least falteringly, in new directions.

Of course, Andy Warhol has managed to keep himself in the limelight through the years, having got himself adopted as a member of the chic international set without whom no party in Paris, Venice, or New York is considered a success. His art factory—"I believe everybody should be a machine," he said once—continued to churn out multiples of Marilyn Monroe and Mao, while he concentrated on producing films, some of which, like *Trash*, left searing memories (though whether these are attributable to him or the director, Paul Morrisey, is not clear). But in the last year or so he has begun painting again, making news with his portrait of Willy Brandt and holding a joint exhibition with Jamie Wyeth (talented son of America's arch-traditionalist, Andrew Wyeth) of portraits they did of one another. That his genius for publicity still burns was evident in his recent show at the Leo Castelli gallery, a series of oversized canvases in red, white, and black, each a variant of the hammer-and-sickle motif. They could equally well have been swastikas (though the publicity they generated might have been less indulgent) or Valentine hearts, for there was nothing ideological about them. Rather, they were painterly exercises in broad slashing brushstrokes with occasional silk-screened passages added for shading or contrast. They were not great paintings, but they were hand-made. Is Warhol trying to get out of the mechanical trap in which his early pronunciamentos had caught him?



Another thought-provoking show was that of George Segal at the Sidney Janis gallery. Segal started out as a painter, but it was those ghostly plaster figures cast from live models and placed in everyday situations—sitting on a bus, standing by a Coke machine—that made him; they conveyed the nagging fatigue and loneliness of city life in a way that awakened a kind of kinesthetic empathy in the viewer. He still does such scenes, but now he paints the figures red, blue, or black, thereby sacrificing much of the illusion. What was new and promising this time were the plaster reliefs, also cast and sometimes painted, of heads, intertwined torsos, partial nudes. These evoke memories of Rodin in their serpentine contours and the way their molded forms melt into and emerge from their backgrounds.

The most radical break with the past comes from Jim Dine, whose Pop trademark was fastening limp neckties, bathrobes, and hardware-store items like nails or hammers to sketchily painted canvases. He was only 35 in 1970 when the Whitney Museum gave him a full-length retrospective, often the equivalent of petrifying an artist in amber. But Dine realized the danger and became, as he told a recent interviewer, "concerned with how to paint." The results appeared in his recent exhibition at the Pace Gallery where, besides the technically accomplished soft-ground etchings he has been making for some time, there were full-length charcoal drawings—portraits, gently sensual nudes, a child's head. That some of them were gussied up with irrelevant accessories—a scrunched-up washcloth attached to the head of a nude, for instance—distracted only momentarily from the sensitive, and quite traditional, handling of lights and darks. Most exciting, however, were the paintings whose sensitive use of color surprisingly recalled the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko. Dine is faithful to those limp bathrobes as a motif (they were originally meant, he says, as self-portraits without the portrait), but now they seem to have become for him what Mont Sainte-Victoire was for Cézanne, a vehicle for the manipulation of oil paint (he has discarded acrylics) laid on in tones that glow with an

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icon-like intensity. "I don't repudiate what I did before," he says, but he does seem to be giving up gimmickry in favor of craft. Which, perhaps, is what all three of these artists are trying to do. □

The PUBLIC WHIRL

The Inequality of Nations
By Robert W. Tucker
Basic Books, 214 pp., $10.95

MR. GUEST, MEET MR. YEATS

KARL O'LESSKER

The old international order, which may or may not be on the way to extinction, was characterized by inequality. Some states were rich and powerful, many more were less so, and still others, though nominally independent, were little better than protectorates. And of course there was that large portion of the globe made up of the colonial holdings of the West. These have now disappeared, replaced by something like sixty independent states. But inequality remains, and it is the subject, precisely stated by the title, of Professor Robert W. Tucker's splendid new book.

It was Tucker, you will recall, who a couple of years ago suggested that the vital interests of the West might require an armed takeover by the United States of the oil fields of the Persian Gulf. Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. applauded and Secretary Kissinger permitted himself a guttural murmur to the effect that it wasn't entirely out of the question, but the rest of the civilized world responded with howls of outrage and execration. Nothing daunted, Mr. Tucker sets forth in this new book a set of propositions so inflammatory to the sensibilities of a majority of members of the United Nations as in all probability to render that hallowed place unsafe for himself.

Certainly it is true that orators of the General Assembly have become altogether accustomed (save for the period of Mr. Moynihan's brief tenure) to having all but their anti-Israel excesses received in respectful, even approving, silence by Westerners. So when a distinguished professor at a renowned Eastern university—the very heartland of what Tucker delicately calls "the new political sensibility"—takes the position that a reduction of inequality among nations is unlikely to lead to an increase either of international order or of individual welfare, Third World claimants and their liberal apologists in the West may well feel, to put it mildly, ill used. (It is amusing, in a scary sort of way, to reflect on what the state of liberal elite opinion in America might be did Israel not exist. Instead of being restrained in its enthusiasm for the Idi Amins and Colonel Qaddafis of the world, the liberal community would doubtless stand as a monolith of furious reproach to America's international Scroogery.)

Possessors of the new political sensibility listen rapturously to Third World demands for equality and hear in them a pledge to fill every beggar's bowl, to provide a college education for every adolescent, to liberate every woman, and in general to carry out in detail *The Nation*'s program for our own oppressed masses. Mr. Tucker listens to these same demands and hears in them instead a very old song and "a quite different issue, one that may bear only limited resemblance to the issue of domestic justice. The greater measure of collective equality the new states demand . . . does not ensure a greater measure of individual equality." For what rulers of the new states principally want is what poorer, weaker nations have always wanted, a greater measure of power and prestige within the international community.

I am sure Professor Tucker does not want to be understood as saying that ruling elites in the underdeveloped countries are indifferent to the wretched conditions of their people. The point, rather, is that nothing in their past performance suggests that a transfer of resources from the developed nations will lead to an increase in welfare for individuals. Ruling elites, even when reasonably well-intentioned, have a remarkable capacity for finding power- and prestige-related uses for national income, persuading themselves that sacrifices demanded of the present generation will lead ineluctably to future happiness for their descendants. Possessors of the new political sensibility have no trouble accepting this. The rest of us may be permitted a little quiet skepticism.

A separate but related point has to do with liberal claims that the moral basis for redistribution of international wealth is so obvious that it needs no justification. Among those whom Tucker quotes to this effect are Robert McNamara, Gunnar Myrdal, and John P. Lewis. Declining to address himself to the substantive philosophical issue, Mr. Tucker mildly wonders why, if it is as obvious as all that, it has escaped the attention of practically everybody else. It is hardly necessary to point out, he remarks, that "publics in advanced Western countries do not on the whole find moral claims articulated by the new political sensibility compelling. . . . On the contrary, what evidence we have points to the conclusion that the greater majority persists in drawing a sharp distinction between the welfare of those who share their particular collective and the welfare of humanity, and in assuming that the collective is quite entitled to what its members have created."

That whole question of the welfare consequences of what Tucker calls "the new egalitarianism" forms only a part of his finest chapter, "Equality and Justice." It is impossible to convey in this space the power and elegance of his analysis. Compared to the moralistic dithering of liberal elite opinion, it is as William B. Yeats to Edgar A. Guest.

His analysis of the consequences for international stability of the new egalitarianism is scarcely less admirable. The conclusion to which it leads him is that the world has moved far toward a "disjunction between order and power; that is, to an international society in which the principal holders of power—at least among the developed and capitalist states—may no longer be the principal creators and guarantors of order." Of course no cause so abstract as the new egalitarianism could have had so fearful an effect: it was rather the erosion of American power precedent to it. This is because as American power atrophies, Western Europe and Japan can have only decreasing incentive to maintain their "essential solidarity" with us. And what might follow, in an era of increasingly strident demands from the Third World and increasingly confident troubled-water-fishing on the part of the Soviet Union, is likely to have all too much of a *sauve qui peut* charac-

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ter. "The disutility of military power," Tucker reminds us, "is not a Southern [i.e., Third World] obsession." Gandhian rhetoric aside, there is not a shred of evidence to suggest "that the rising and ambitious new states would refrain from exploiting their growing military power in an increasingly fragmented international system."

It was in these pages some weeks back that Mr. James Burnham reminded us that will, not weaponry, is the category in which the United States is becoming increasingly deficient. By contrast, the Soviet Union has acquired no new inhibitions since 1968 about military intervention in the affairs of other, weaker states. Though Tucker alludes only in passing to this latter fact, it is clear that the force of his analysis leads to the conclusion that if present trends continue and if international order is to be preserved in the not-too-distant future, it will be the Soviet Union that does it. And if, finally, that condition should come to pass, we may be sure that the entire world will have moved a great deal closer to that hellish collectivism toward which the new political sensibility is so complaisant. □

Adams and Jefferson:
A Revolutionary Dialogue
By Merrill D. Peterson
University of Georgia Press,
146 pp., $7

IS IT HOMER?

FORREST MCDONALD

It has been tough, during the Bicentennial season, for the small, oppressed minority of unreconstructed Hamiltonian Federalists. We may hope that Hamilton will get his due when we celebrate the Bicentennial of the Constitution, should the Constitution last so long; but all he did for American independence was endure privation and risk his life for six years while the real patriots were in there making speeches, casting votes, writing manifestos, and performing other acts of heroism. In other words, we Hamiltonians are jealous of all the attention being paid to the likes of Jefferson, the Adamses, Franklin, and Henry—and approach with something approximating revulsion a new book on the long, kaleidoscopic relationship between the Sage of Monticello and the lawyer from Braintree.

Our aversion, happily, is misplaced. Such a book could scarcely have been put in more capable hands: Professor Merrill Peterson is a gentleman and a scholar. His knowledge of Jefferson is unsurpassed, his knowledge of Adams nearly so, and he writes judiciously and gracefully. To be sure, he subjects Hamilton to the customary calumnies, but he is not especially offensive about it, and Hamilton is only peripheral to the story as he tells it, anyway. Accordingly, we have here a fresh and delightful little book.

The work consists of four essays. The first is on the American Revolution, which brought Adams and Jefferson together as kindred souls but quite different intellects. The second is on the French Revolution, regarding which they differed sharply, and the third is on the Revolution of 1800, which drove them apart, seemingly forever. The last and best of the four is the charming story of their reconciliation as old men and the long and fascinating correspondence they carried on until both died on the fiftieth anniversary of Independence. The format is admirably chosen as a device for exploring and pointing up the similarities and differences between the philosophies, as well as the psyches, of these two remarkable men.

By and large, Adams comes out on top. When the two agree, his remarks are more pungent than Jefferson's; when they disagree, his observations are more profound; when they prophesy, his predictions are more accurate. Adams believed that freedom is safe only under a balanced and mixed government, and recognized that a democracy can be as tyrannical as an unmixed monarchy or aristocracy. Indeed, he saw democracy as a distemper which, if not checked, "converts everything good, bad, and indifferent into the dominant epidemic"; it travels a circular route, "through licentiousness, demagoguery, and egalitarian delusion, back to despotism." He was therefore able to predict the course of the French Revolution with precise accuracy, whereas Jefferson, reasoning from different premises, entertained two erroneous opinions which repeatedly led him to make gravely mistaken policy decisions: Jefferson believed "that Britain was tottering to her fall" and that France "would establish a free republican government and even a leveling democracy."

Peterson is scrupulously fair. Not only does he include the warts in his portrait of Adams, he is also more frank in dealing with Jefferson's shortcomings than one might expect from a scholar whose reputation is based upon ardently pro-Jefferson works. He does not flinch from Jefferson's cowardly behavior as governor when the British invaded Virginia; he uses the word "mendacity" to describe Jefferson's frequent variations from candid dealings; he quotes, with approval, Adams' observation that Jefferson pretended to be "an humble, meek man, wholly without ambition or vanity. . . . But if the prospect opens, the world will see and he will feel that he is as ambitious as Oliver Cromwell." History, Peterson adds, "would bear Adams out." Moreover, any conservatives who mistakenly think of Jefferson as their Main Man—as many conservatives do—will quickly have the scales removed from their eyes by exposure to Peterson's analysis.

Having recommended the book as good reading, however, one is left with the question whether it is good history. One need not be a Hamiltonian to be moved to offer some strong demurrers. When Peterson deals with the Enlightenment, which is central to his interpretation of the two men, he seems unaware that he means only the French Enlightenment, and that the Scottish Enlightenment was quite as important in America, and perhaps more so. His characterization of Burke's *Reflections* as "hysterical" indicates bias, ignorance, or a missing marble. His equation of freedom with self-government reveals a presentist prejudice which precludes understanding of the eighteenth century mentality. Most importantly, his flippant dismissal of Bolingbroke with Burke's clever epithet suggests a lack of understanding of (or even a lack of familiarity with) the powerful tension between those two thinkers, and the crucial fact for American history that both Jefferson and Adams were solidly in Bolingbroke's camp.

As Samuel Johnson remarked to the author of a new translation of the *Iliad*, "It is beautiful, my dear sir, but is it Homer?" □

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THEOLOGY

How Should We Then Live?
By Francis A. Schaeffer
Revelle, 288 pp., $12.95

A SENTINEL PHENOMENON

D. KEITH MANO

You could argue, I will, that Francis Schaeffer has to be the most influential Protestant theologian since Henry VIII. It's a matter of hand arithmetic. Audit him: twenty books, several million copies. I forgive your snob's ignorance. Schaeffer has truck with that largest (and least honored) American readership, the Protestant evangelical community. *How Should We Then Live?*, Schaeffer's most muscular project, sold 40,000 copies in the first three months. And a ten-hour TV film series, companion to the book (or vice versa, they were conceived simultaneously, as earrings are), has already been shown throughout England and Europe. It will run on American screens before 1978. And every month or so some hundreds of people visit the Schaeffer commune at L'Abri in Switzerland to study with him. Ring up these reader-viewer-pilgrim contacts on your abacus: they make Tillich and Barth (even St. Paul while he lived) seem like Mom and Pop cigar-store operations.

How Should We Then Live? could use a voice-over. Also a gesture or three. Schaeffer's syntax is oral, not very lissome to look at. He goes out after an idea as the Army Corps of Engineers would go after a dam. And you can hear his metal cricket clack—next slide, please—when illustrations appear. Western thought from Augustus' Rome to Fellini's *Roma* doesn't readily compress inside 288 pages: one might better pack for the Arctic with an attaché case. Schaeffer understands this: his theology is applied theology. Thought will derive from the givens of Scripture: no special credit for originality. This has been Protestantism's resolve ever since that first Protestant, Jesus Christ. God is just like us, a pragmatic Person. More concerned with how we live in Him than with phylacteries or the aerodynamic engineering of seraphim. Schaeffer presumes not only that Christianity is true, but also that it is a serviceable thing. Or was: back then, when we had vital faith. Schaeffer has seen the past and it worked.

Back then during the Reformation. Schaeffer is Reformation-chauvinist. He'd like you to know, for instance, that "There would have been no Bach had there been no Luther." Extreme perhaps: a statement of this sort might gall, ah, certain harpsichordists. Yet I think Schaeffer is correct in attributing modern democracy to the Reformation mind-set. Catholic peoples, like African tribes, weren't mature enough for self-rule. More significant: Luther and Calvin provided a specific against Thomas Aquinas. "By the thirteenth century the great Aquinas . . . had already begun, in deference to Aristotle, . . . to open the door to placing revelation and human reason on an equal footing." That is, human will, with its penchant for apples, had fallen; human reason had not. After Aquinas, reason could presume to approach absolute truth without the soft intermediation of grace. Luther and Calvin kicked that habit, but good: for them everything was fallen.

SCHAEFFER won't disparage reason. Protestant Christians never have. But Christian reason has to be earthed in Scripture. Autonomous reason implies self, fragmentation, relativism, anarchy. Here Schaeffer is first-rate. In ten pages or so, each no more comprehensive than a bubble-gum baseball card, he abridges Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, and Kierkegaard. The pages are simplistic, but his axial simplism is important: that Christianity, and Christianity alone, can permit a noumenal world and a phenomenal world to interrelate. Autonomous reason, having experienced humiliating setbacks in this century, has become pessimistic. And, because our psychic admixture requires a spiritual, hopeful dimension, the mind can achieve health only through Kierkegaardian "leaps of faith"—astrology, drugs, Eastern mysticism, you name it. Reason has judged man to be a determinist machine: Marxian determinist, Freudian determinist, whatever determinist. And a doubtful, anxious machine at that. "But even people who believe they are machines cannot live like machines, and thus they must 'leap upstairs' against their reason and try to find something which gives meaning to life. . . . Such a solution is intellectual suicide, and one may question the intellectual integrity of those who accept such a position when their starting point was pride in the sufficiency of human reason." Once Christian culture lost its accreditation, men had to entertain a functional schizophrenia. There could be nothing immanent in nature; and reason, through elitist insolence, had given up citizenship in the spiritual domain. Schaeffer is a powerful and accurate summarizer. Divorce, on trumped-up grounds of incompatibility, between mind and spirit has been the pre-eminent human misadventure.

Christian energy must yet survive: and abundantly. After all, it made *How Should We Then Live?* into a best-seller. Hopefulness, stern morality, trenchant anti-Communism: these, we have the evidence here, are qualities that America can respond to. Francis Schaeffer is a sentinel phenomenon. I know you have other things to do. Still, you should read *How Should We Then Live?* It's part of a good education. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MEN, MONEY, & MAGIC: *The Biography of Dorothy Schiff, by Jeffrey Potter (Coward, McCann, 352 pp., $9.95).* Men and money this book is about, but the magic is missing. It's the life of Dorothy Schiff, four times married, often mistressed, the editor-publisher of the *New York Post* until she sold it with a splash to Rupert Murdoch. The author is Jeffrey Potter, but he shares that responsibility with Dorothy Schiff, who provides long sections of personal narrative that weave their way in and out of Mr. Potter's supporting structure like Virginia creeper. The woman who almost single-handedly brought her paper through the wars that broke such giants as the *Herald-Tribune*, the *World Telegram*, and the *Journal American*, and who had, as we say these days, "relationships" with FDR and Max Beaverbrook, among others, must have something to recommend her. But you'd never know it from this book. Mrs. Schiff seems so determined to be honest—it may be that liberal death-wish—that the picture we get of her is of the poor little rich girl who grew into an arrogant, insensitive, often petty woman. She is perfectly beastly about herself. I suspect that Dorothy Schiff is far more interesting, far less self-pitying, far kinder in a tough-cookie way than she or her biographer will admit. What would be fun, because there's a lot here to be mined, would be

(Continues on page 347)

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A "new world order" could well create a new world chaos

It is both naive and dangerous, argues Robert W. Tucker, to seek any sudden, massive transfer of wealth and power from the "have" to the "have not" nations. Even if this were possible, Dr. Tucker does not think it would create more justice in the world. He shows conclusively that enforced redistribution of wealth that runs counter to current realities of power is doomed to fail; the result will inevitably bring not justice, but large-scale violence.

THE INEQUALITY OF NATIONS

Robert W. Tucker

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

GENETICS, BY its nature, is a conservative science, arguing the intractability of the human substance in combat with the grand designs of social engineers and planners.

One might suppose, indeed, that increased awareness of our genetic infrastructure would have a chastening effect on those who want to make humanity over by fiddling with the environment. To imagine such an outcome, however, is to underrate Utopian resilience. For the emerging conclusion of the engineering types is that, if the genetic constitution is what really counts, then we must control the genetic constitution. And with that decision, the most conservative of sciences becomes the most distressingly radical.

How far this transformation has proceeded may be seen in a popularized treatment of recent developments in genetics entitled *The Second Genesis: The Coming Control of Life* (Vintage, $2.95), by Albert Rosenfeld. The author, former science editor of *Life*, supplies a readable, mostly sympathetic account of work in progress on artificial insemination, genetic sex determination, isolation of genetic defects, laboratory growth of embryos, and divers other efforts at genetic manipulation.

While noting that some speculations on this topic are purest fantasy, Rosenfeld nonetheless provides a chilling outline of what is being meditated—and in certain cases practiced—in modern scientific circles. These include genetic transplants, screening out genetic misfits, and—the ultimate goal—efforts to fabricate new types of human beings according to design.

Rosenfeld's discussion takes off from the now-familiar subject of organ transplants, then wends along the genetic by-ways to such outlandish notions as J. B. S. Haldane's fantasy (?) about breeding human creatures without legs, or with prehensile tails, to cope with the exigencies of space.

A slightly more technical approach to this horrific subject is offered by Dr. Laurence Karp's *Genetic Engineering: Threat or Promise?* (Nelson-Hall, $15). Dr. Karp is a specialist in prenatal diagnostics at UCLA, and as such a qualified expert on the complicated medical-scientific aspects of his subject Among the matters Dr. Karp discusses are "ectogenesis," including transplanting of embryos and growing life in test tubes, "parthenogenesis" (virgin birth by twinning maternal chromosomes), and preconceptual sex determination. At the end of this particular road is a procedure known as "cloning"—making an exact genetic replica of an animal or a person by transplantation or fission of cellular material (a feat already achieved with frogs and mice).

Some genetic research, according to Karp, is perfectly innocent—for example, the sort of inquiry that aims at early detection of genetic diseases and prescribes a regimen to overcome them. But much of what is happening in this area is of a very different implication, suggesting we should use our genetic knowledge to select and breed a type of human being congenial to our desires. The simplest version, already being practiced, is sexual selection: by genetic testing, it is possible to tell the sex of the child in embryo. If it isn't of the proper sex, have it aborted. Ditto if it is deformed.

FROM THIS complacent weeding out of undesirables it is only a step or two to a full-fledged program of eugenics, a theme that pops up repeatedly in these volumes. Messrs. Rosenfeld and Karp provide some cautionary verbiage on this subject, but for the most part treat such utterances with surprising equanimity. Karp especially suggests that fears about projected breeding-by-design (including some expressed by the present reviewer) are hysterical.

Both these books should be read and pondered, not for any particular ethical insight, but for the numerous facts they marshal concerning the outlook, and alarming progress, of the genetic planners. Our yen for social engineering, *cum* indifference to individual human life, has proceeded very far indeed. □

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VAN DEN HAAG
(Continued from page 329)

iables. We can indicate possibilities, less well probabilities, never certainties. One may be able to predict, though no one has really been successful at it either, the future of such matters as dentistry or transportation (based largely on technological trends)—but not that of the Republic, or for that matter of China or of the Soviet Union.* For the future of such societies involves far more than technological trends in all aspects of human life, not least the interaction of the societies with each other.

The trends Mrs. Luce noted in our country are real enough and have already done much damage. But so far the damage has not been lethal; and the trends are revocable, perhaps even reversible. The poor have become fewer and better off—but contrary to what Mrs. Luce implies, so far the rich have become neither poorer nor fewer, compared to the past. This desirable situation might have come about faster and with less loss of production without the inept government policies which were supposed to foster it. And we would be freer. Still, our government has not succeeded in ruining the economy (not for lack of trying). Or consider inflation. It would have been altogether defeated had Ford been re-elected, but even with Carter it is unlikely to do more than linger on. I can see no disaster there. Further, people have become quite impatient with government regulation. There is some opposition to it, and there may even be a countertrend. State and local governments are beginning to curb their wasteful expansion. If we follow Mrs. Luce to England we find that the Conservative opposition has clarified its image, become more effective, and even the Labor government in power has begun to reverse the trends that brought England to the brink of ruin. I won't predict the outcome either there or in Italy. But I see no more evidence for pessimistic than for optimistic forecasts.

Except for very brief intervals, the world has always been torn by conflicting trends and movements, and rarely has there been a complete victory of one over the other. Particularly in a non-dictatorial government, the battle is permanent, the outcome uncertain at any time. We normally live on the brink of disaster, even if in retrospect we tend to forget it. Not that disaster cannot indeed come. But living on the brink does not make it certain.

THE TASK of those who feel as Mrs. Luce does, and as I myself do, is not to resign themselves to an "inevitable" trend but to oppose what is wrong for the Republic as vigorously as they can. There is no serious reason to believe that the pernicious trends are inevitable, or natural. They become inevitable only if we decide that, being inevitable, they cannot be effectively opposed and it is futile to try. This has been one of the major weapons of the self-fulfilling prophecies of Marxism. Despite it, Marxist inevitability has been quite evitable, except when Communist regimes were instituted *manu militari*, mostly by the Soviet Union, or where they came to power in the wake of defeat in war, as in the Soviet Union. (North Vietnam and other former colonies are special cases, because of their colonial past.)

Bureaucratization and totalitarianism are dangers. But they can be avoided if we continue to fight them. An identifiable Republican Party, dedicated to preserving our freedom, including our economic freedom, may well be a vehicle for opposing the threats that Mrs. Luce thinks unavoidable and therefore unopposable. The road ahead will not be easy, and it is long. But several directions are open. Among them is the road to freedom. It is no more closed than the road to totalitarianism. □

* To foretell events in an unlimited future, as Nostradamus, Marx, or Spengler did, is of course to make unfalsifiable prophecies rather than predictions. If not true tomorrow, one can always point to a farther future in which they will come true. This is not very informative.

BOOKS IN BRIEF
(Continued from page 345)

a no-holds-barred biography of Dolly Schiff by an author with the flair and the insight of, say, a Murray Kempton.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

IN DEFENSE OF THE PUBLIC LIBERTY, *by Samuel B. Griffith II (Doubleday, 725 pp., $14.95).* This is an exhaustive and well-written political and military account of our War for Independence, diligently researched and written largely from primary sources. The scene shifts from London to the Colonies and back as Griffith traces our tortuous path to liberty from the portentous political clashes of the 1760s to the victory at Yorktown. There are fascinating glimpses of the personalities on both sides of the war, including George III, painted here not as the pop-eyed simpleton of portrait and lore, but as an able, enlightened administrator afflicted with a blind-spot concerning his misbehaving American stepchildren. While overlong in parts—the account of André's ill-fated mission is wearisome—Griffith's book dismisses some of our popular heroes such as Paul Revere and Nathan Hale with barely a nod. But well-balanced reports of other doings make up for such shortcomings. Like the account of congressional debates over the disastrous devaluation of the dollar: wage and price controls were suggested as a solution and weren't enacted only because of congressional absenteeism. Congressional mischief extended to ending Washington's appropriation for sorely needed express riders. He was told to use his franking privileges with the new postal service instead. *Plus ça change . . .* JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

LOOK HOW THE FISH LIVE, *by J. F. Powers (Knopf, 190 pp., $6.95).* Some early reviewers of J. F. Powers' new collection of short-stories pronounced themselves disappointed with the limits of his scope, with his "understatement" and "lucidity." That's a bit like blaming Trollope for not being Dostoyevsky. Powers is not, say, a new Flannery O'Connor, but he *is* one of our best novelists-of-manners, the kind of writer who can make you startle your train-mates with sudden laughter. Most of the stories here are—like *Morte D'Urban*, the novel that made Powers' reputation 13 years ago—about priests. All sorts of priests: a comfortable, worldly old bishop beset by monsignors' fine theological distinctions; a rector who isn't told and won't ask his new curate's name; a young curate who starts picking up his eccentric and taciturn rector's speech, or non-speech, patterns, as in this whispered conversation about a doorbell, reminiscent of early Kingsley Amis: " '*What's this? What's this?*' 'Bell.' '*Bell?*' 'Bell. Man fixing it.' '*What?*' 'Bell.' '*Man fixing it?*' 'Is, yes.' '*Called man?*' 'Did, yes.' '*Get estimate?*' 'Sort of.' '*How much?*' 'Not much.' '*How much, Father?*' 'Not much, Father.' " Not bad, Powers.

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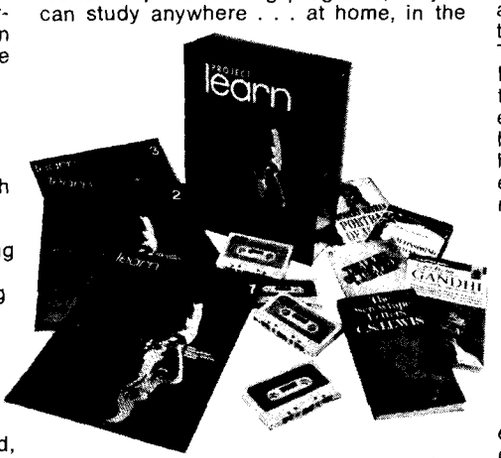

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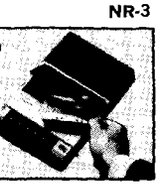

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On The Right

Tail Gunner Joe

New York, Feb. 18—In the late Fifties, Richard Rovere published a book on the late Senator Joe McCarthy which was greeted as deliriously as Lillian Hellman's recent book, *Scoundrel Time*, the implicit thesis of which is that anybody who thought ill of Josef Stalin before she did, which was some time after he died, was, well, a scoundrel. Rovere's book was called "a brilliant essay in contemporary history" by Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr.; "one of the most distinguished political documents of the year" by Eric Goldman; and, by Walter Lippmann himself, "the definitive job . . . I can't imagine what else there is to say about him."

In that book, published 17 years before the networks thought to come up with a dramatization of the Joe McCarthy story, the resourceful Mr. Rovere found Senator McCarthy "a cheap politician," "a gutter-snipe," "a seditionist," "a crook," "a foul-mouthed bum," "a mucker," "a liar," "a ranter," "a screamer," "a faker," "an ogre," and "a rattlesnake." Reviewing that book in England, Mr. Evelyn Waugh judged it favorably, but confessed to some misgivings about certain uncompleted bits of narrative. What actually had happened to McCarthy's victims? "There is a curious raggedness . . . in the accounts of the various inquiries which seem to have ended without findings and of the various men who appear and disappear in the story without acquittal or prosecution. What has happened to everyone? I wish Mr. Rovere would rewrite the book for us ignorant islanders giving us the simple story. We can make the comments."

I wrote to Mr. Waugh at the time and told him that if he was concerned to know such facts, I would send them to him, but I warned that they would distract from the unleavened judgment of McCarthyism in which the Western world basked; and which now, with the television spectacular *Tail Gunner Joe*, has been revived. He wrote and asked for the material, and I sent him the book written by Mr. Brent Bozell and myself in 1954 called *McCarthy and His Enemies*.

In due course he acknowledged it: "McCarthy is certainly regarded by most Englishmen as a regrettable figure, and your *McCarthy and His Enemies*, being written before his later extravagances, will not go far to clear his reputation. I have no doubt that we were sent a lot of prejudiced information six years ago [i.e., at the height of the McCarthy era]. Your book makes plain that there was a need for investigation ten years ago. It does not, I am afraid, supply the information that will convince me that McCarthy was a suitable man to undertake it. Rovere makes a number of precise charges against his personal honor. Until these are rebutted, those who are sympathetic with his cause must deplore his championship of it."

This, of course, is the crucial point now that anti-McCarthyism has become, once again, the rage. Mr. Hilton Kramer of the *New York Times*, surveying the avalanche of anti-McCarthyite material during the current cultural season—Woody Allen's movie, Lillian Hellman's book, Dalton Trumbo's biography, and so on—wrote disgustedly that for this gang, who would appear to include the producers of *Tail Gunner Joe*, "membership in the Communist Party was a kind of value-free phenomenon, devoid of political meaning or consequence, posing no problems for the government, labor unions, the entertainment industry, the teaching profession, or anyone else. Stalinism, both here and abroad, was likewise—in this view—an innocent romp."

THE THRUST of the television spectacular was that McCarthy was a mountebank. And indeed by the rules of logic Mr. Waugh could be correct. It could transpire that the anti-McCarthy legend based on his role and the government's in the matter of internal security is altogether false—and still it could stand that McCarthy died of drink, cheated on his taxes, lied in his election campaigns, malingered in the Marines—that he was, in Mr. Rovere's elegant word, a rattlesnake. But of course, these distinctions are not being observed. There is no significant discussion of Owen Lattimore in *Tail Gunner Joe*, none of the successful lengths to which the Communist propaganda machine had gone in convincing such as Lillian Hellman that Stalin, who presided over the show trials, was a hero, and John Dewey, who accused him of staging the trials, a scoundrel. During the postwar decade, the Soviet Union consolidated its hold on Eastern Europe, the Chinese Communists theirs on the Mainland, our atomic secrets were stolen and exploited, a small group of American Stalinists mounted a major political movement under the titular leadership of Henry Wallace; and now, looking back on that period, NBC devotes itself to the character of Joe McCarthy. It is more than a great cop-out. It is a grand feint. And the most pathetic victims of it are those who write so exultantly about *Tail Gunner Joe*. □

PINOCHET AND HUMAN RIGHTS

Santiago, Chile, Feb. 4—If you are a dictator given to consulting only your own conscience, such as it is, on the question of whether there is an unnecessary suppression of human freedom, then you will simply decline to participate in public international discussions of the matter. By "unnecessary suppression" I mean unnecessary to the realization of your objective, namely political supremacy. Francisco Franco, I would be inclined to say, believed in just as much repression as was necessary to ensure his continued domination of political authority. Although Franco was less distracted by foreign criticism than most national leaders—from 1939 on, he was the object of such heated international contumely he probably got permanently immunized—he did, usually through his ambassadors, make representations from time to time denying general or specific charges.

At the other end is such a regime as Mao Tse-tung's, which is truly totalitarian. If, in China (or in Russia), there were a machine that enabled the state to penetrate to the bowels of human thought, it would be used to ascertain whether there lurked there anything short of total enthusiasm for the state and its policies. Maoism demands of its subjects what the Catholic Church expects of its communicants, namely internal assent. It is of course decisive that the Catholic Church has no sanctions against those who deny it that assent, at least not in this world.

Augusto Pinochet of Chile is in the category of those rulers who are anxious to persuade the world that they do not use unnecessary repression. Now fine-tuning repression is a distinctly unperfected art. Argentina, in which chaos, though diminishing, can be said yet to prevail, is a state in which the burden of nicely calibrating

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repression is unrealistic. But in Chile there is, so far as the visitor is able to judge, and based on what he reads in widely different sources, public order. Moreover, the overwhelming majority of the people accept the government of General Pinochet, most of them, if we believe a Gallup opinion poll, gladly—after the tumult of Allende; others resentfully, for lack of an opportunity to elect other governments, other policies.

Under the circumstances, it becomes the responsibility of the Pinochet government to satisfy inquirers that the repression is not gratuitous: that no sanctions are visited against those who, while disagreeing with the government, do not seek to bring it down by force or violence; or even, since political opposition is forbidden, by political agitation. If General Pinochet had looked the world in the face and said, as Mao and the others say: "I do not care what you think of my government. This is my country. Leave us alone"—then he would not be asked to submit to interrogation. But having averred his regime's innocence of the charges, the question arises how to establish it.

"I have exactly one political prisoner," he said. "And I'm not going to give him up, ever, unless they meet my terms." His terms? The release by Fidel Castro of Huberto Matos, who has been 17 years in jail for the offense of turning against Castro after he saw what Castro was doing to Cuba. "I suspect I know why it has been over two months since Castro received my offer, which he has not acknowledged: they are seeing if they can put Matos back into physical shape to risk his being seen by the outside world. Jorge Montes [whom Pinochet proposes to release in return for the release of Matos] needs no fattening-up." All other prisoners are held—he advises, and other sources tend to corroborate—for the violation of laws some of which were passed by Allende's own parliament. However, as the American Ambassador, David Popper, asks, if you are arrested for possession of a gun that you acquired during the hostilities in September 1973, which really *is* your offense: illegal possession? or possession with intent to use it for Allende?

AND WHAT about the ten trade unionists, alleged by Amnesty International to have been arrested in mid-December? The Pinochet government says: Not so. Amnesty is at the mercy of informants, many of whom seek to discredit the government by any means. Still, how does one go about establishing whether Waldo Pizarro, leader of the Textile Workers Federation of Chile, is in jail, and, if so, why? Chile has promulgated highly satisfying laws stipulating procedures to be followed. How can the overnight visitor establish the truth in the case of the ten trade union leaders?

Only a free press can do the job adequately. One reads in *El Mercurio* detailed accounts of press conferences given abroad by Corvalán—the top Communist, recently exchanged for the Russian dissident Bukovsky—criticizing Pinochet. Question: Is the press permitted to report allegations against the Pinochet government only as they appear elsewhere? Or can it initiate criticism of its own? □

WHEN IS A NATION MARXIST?

Gstaad, Feb. 12—The learned professor made withering sport, after dinner, of the lady who professed her fear that a particular country in Africa might turn Communist. There being no scorn more withering than that of John Kenneth Galbraith, the lady felt the agonies of annihilation. Actually, she shouldn't have. The point nicely illustrates the difference between the paradigm and the existential.

Professor Galbraith's point is that you cannot have a Marxist-Communist state without going through the antecedent stages. These are: feudalism, capitalism, and (in most cases) imperialism. A state that is not industrialized cannot, so the argument goes, proceed through the necessary metamorphoses. Marxism foresees the struggle between the property-owners and the workers, resulting in the ascendancy of the workers, the socialization of property and of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, a great historical period during which there is a dissipation of those tensions that mounted under the old order; followed by the disappearance of the state.

Under this definition, rigorously applied, there is no Communist state anywhere. China was barely industrialized in 1949, and in any event it was peasants, not industrial workers, who made up the legions finally commanded by Mao Tse-tung. The Soviet Union depends increasingly on a price system, has created a new class of governors who enjoy every single one of the perquisites of the old capitalist class, plus the indescribable pleasures of being able to torment and torture people they don't like; and, after sixty years of power, enjoy a state apparatus that makes Nicholas II look like the czar of Monaco.

Solzhenitsyn informs us that he doubts that there is anybody at all—not one individual—living in Russia who believes in Marxism. And he may be right. But whether he is right or wrong, it is impossible to say about the Soviet Union that it is a Marxist state in the theoretical sense.

Accordingly, we must reason not *a priori*, from the general to the particular, as Mr. Galbraith is forever doing, but *a posteriori*, from the particular to the general, in search of the modern meaning of a Marxist-Leninist state. I tend to the conclusion that being a Marxist-Leninist state is something like being a Jew: the accepted definition of a Jew is somebody who believes he is a Jew. Who will say him nay?

Consider Angola, now. Hardly an industrial state. Hardly a state that has passed through Marx's transitional stages. But recently its leader in a state speech described it as a "Marxist-Leninist republic." This brought a great guffaw from the distinguished British journalist Lord Chalfont, who commented that that designation was "presumably in honor of those two celebrated African tribal philosophers." But, actually, if we survey history since the first Communist coup d'état in search of the attributes of states that consider themselves Marxist-Leninist, we find, after a short exercise in reductionism, that they are uniform in: 1) hostility to private property; 2) hostility to other human freedoms; 3) hostility to religion; 4) hostility to countries that do not share these hostilities. That is really all it takes. What country dares call itself a Marxist country with total doctrinal fidelity? As many countries as would dare call themselves Christian countries if it were supposed that these are countries whose people and governors practice the doctrines of Christ.

This morning brings the news that the Soviet Union's U.S.A. Institute, whose leader the day before reassured President Carter that the Soviet Union harbored no hostility against us, gave an honorary degree to the U.S. Communist leader Henry Winston. Mr. Winston's citation is a classic statement of Marxist eschatology, which is now Marxist cant. Listen: Winston is cited for "his outstanding contribution to the scientific analysis of the practical aspects of the revolutionary struggle of the working class, of all the progressive forces of America against racism and for a democratic and social reformation of society." And they made fun of people who wondered how many angels could stand on the head of a pin. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A scuba diver — 36 128 81 2 212 55 110 227

B. A type of pine tree — 56 197 206 8 219 31 121 69

C. A swelling or inflation due to the presence of air — 72 13 96 195 147 107 74 43 60

D. A syndrome characterized by hyperbilirubinemia and deposition of bile pigment in the skin and mucous membranes — 117 226 129 85 213 9 29 83

E. An inflammatory skin disease — 141 59 10 14 150 211

F. Inflammation of part of the eye — 159 89 122 18 3 101 127

G. Inflammation of the kidney — 170 11 158 48 178 104 51 143 186

H. Gullets — 177 202 229 179 40 124 75 169

I. A conception or an idea — 1 24 32 66 87 95

J. A morbid condition or diseased state (no jokes about (Massachusetts!) — 187 135 155 133 163 64 76 181 173

K. People who will pay for socialized medicine — 194 79 225 23 151 47 90 180 164

L. Diseases — 203 25 57 103

M. A dentist-specialist — 216 82 100 33 109 123 139 188 185 228 50 61

N. What a speaker would say while outlining a fourteen-point program — 230 26 6 80 199 161 207

O. The fixed jaw in certain measuring instruments — 30 45 86 92 98

P. Not seafaring — 73 7 111 144 68 222 131 168

Q. What a place with two bedbugs would soon be (if they weren't brothers!) — 84 125 190 130 214 27 20 204

R. A type of garden where animals look at people — 132 52 58 78 97 171 4 37 49 88

S. Uganda's former capital — 145 152 39 209 160 115 221

T. What Henry Baker called the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of his goose, eaten by Holmes and Watson — 148 94 22 182 196 17 113 41 138 166 210 53 217 224

U. Do chauffeurs swim in these? — 193 65 70 118 157 165 172 174 218 91

V. A period or state of decline — 200 108 146 105 28 134 116

W. P in the American Morse Code — 208 5 67 15 44 93 112 114 120 126 137 175 189 192 198

X. Certain days in the Roman calendar — 21 153 205 119

Y. A disease of the liver — 184 106 191 201 71 156 142 162 154

Z. Marked by impartiality — 99 140 12 16 215 35 62 136 149 167 223

a. Profited — 19 34 38 42 46 63

b. To shun — 54 77 102 176 183 220

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 348 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 A	3 F	4 R	5 W	6 N	7 P	8 B	9 D	10 E	11 G	12 Z		13 C	14 E	15 W	16 Z	17 T	18 F	19 a
20 Q		21 X	22 T		23 K	24 I	25 L	26 N	27 Q	28 V	29 D	30 O	31 B		32 I	33 M	34 a		35 Z
36 A	37 R	38 a		39 S	40 H	41 T	42 a		43 c	44 W	45 O	46 a	47 K		48 G	49 R	50 M		51 G
52 R		53 T	54 b		55 A	56 B	57 L	58 R	59 E	60 C	61 M	62 Z	63 a		64 J	65 U		66 I	67 W
	68 P	69 B		70 U	71 Y	72 C		73 P	74 C	75 H	76 J	77 b	78 R	79 K	80 N	81 A	82 M	83 D	
84 Q	85 D	86 O	87 I	88 R	89 F	90 K	91 U		92 O	93 W		94 T	95 I		96 C	97 R	98 O	99 Z	100M
101F	102b	103L		104G	105V		106Y	107C		108V	109M	110A	111P	112W		113T	114W		115S
116V		117D	118U	119X	120W	121B	122F	123M		124H	125Q	126W		127F	128A	129D	130Q	131P	132R
133J	134V		135J	136Z	137W	138T		139M	140Z	141E		142Y	143G	144P	145S		146V	147C	
148T	149Z	150E	151K	152S	153X	154Y		155J	156Y	157U		158G	159F	160S	161N	162Y	163J		164K
165U	166T	167Z	168P	169H	170G	171R		172U	173J		174U	175W	176b	177H	178G		179H	180K	181J
182T	183b	184Y	185M	186G		187J	188M	189W		190Q	191Y	192W	193U		194K	195C	196T		197B
198W	199N	200V	201Y		202H	203L	204Q	205X		206B	207N		208W	209S	210T	211E	212A	213D	214Q
	215Z	216M	217T		218U	219B	220b	221S	222P		223Z	224T	225K	226D	227A	228M	229H	230N	

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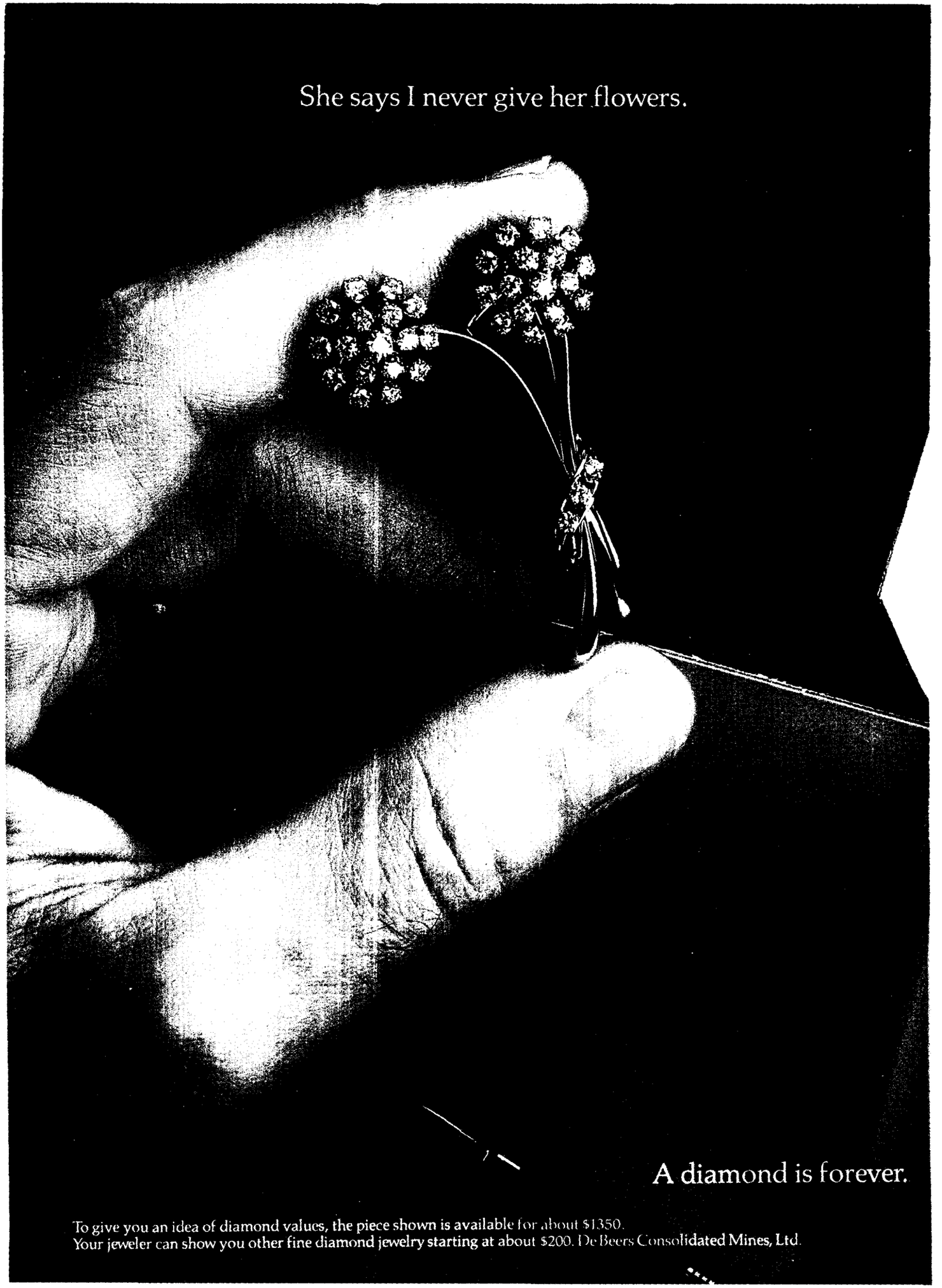
She says I never give her flowers.
A diamond is forever.
To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about $1350.
Your jeweler can show you other fine diamond jewelry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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